

THE AUSTRALIAN

Women's Weekly

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JULY 15, 1950

PRICE

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Scenes from the ...

'H.M.V.'

Movie

"A RADIO IN EVERY ROOM"

Showing at all leading city, suburban and country theatres

Every family will see itself in this film. There are the children waiting to listen to their serial just as Dad gets home from work. Dad's not always a diplomat when he wants to listen to the latest form ... so there's trouble with the young ones first ... and, on top of that, in walks our teen-age daughter. More trouble!

Radio has taken such a big place in all of our lives that no

family can struggle along with just one radio.

Actual shots from the film, which appear on this page, show how we pension off the old set by putting it in the children's room. Then the film proceeds to show how—for enjoyable living—for listening to what you want just when you want it—you need a radio in every room just as much as you need electric light.



The Hallmark of Quality

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED (Inc. in England), HOMEBUSH, N.S.W.



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- DB6119—O SOAVE FANCIGLIA (Lovely Maid in the Moonlight) ("La Boheme" (Act 1)—Puccini)
- E II. SOL DELL'ANIMA (Love's The Spark Which Fires Our Souls) ("Rigoletto" (Act 1)—Verdi), JOHN BJORLING (Tener) and HJONNE SCHVORING (Soprano) (With Orchestra conducted by NILS GREVILLIUS)
- DX1473—II. SERAGLIO (When a Maiden Takes Your Fancy) (Mozart) OSCAR NATZKA (Bass) (With Orchestra conducted by WARWICK BATHURST)
- MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR—DRINKING SONG (Niemand)
- OSCAR NATZKA AND CHORUS (With the Royal Opera House Orchestra conducted by KARL RANKL)



Now our movie takes us to the very heart of the home—the living room. Here, you want more than radio performance. You want all of the beauty of recorded music. So buy an His Master's Voice radiogram. This lovely instrument, shown in this scene, is our Golden Jubilee Console Auto Radiogram. Its swift, silent record changer automatically plays ten 10-inch or ten 12-inch records. For almost an hour you need not leave your seat. Price 85 Guineas and easy terms. "His Master's Voice" table model radiogram—49 Guineas (Prices slightly higher in W.A.).



Mother spends half the day in the kitchen and the H.M.V. "Little Nipper" would make that time pass so much more quickly. It's the most compact and beautiful little mantel model radio you've ever seen. It gives you volume and clear, true-to-life reproduction. In walnut, cream, burgundy or green. £18/5/- (10/6 extra in W.A.). Easy terms.



Dad wouldn't feel so "hard done by" spending Saturday afternoon in the garden if he had an H.M.V. Portable. Think of it on family picnics too ... and away on week-ends. Now that H.M.V. gives you portables with full strength reception, the portable becomes a must for every family that knows how to get the most out of life. Price £31/10/-, and remember, if it's an H.M.V. portable, it gives low power consumption which helps your batteries last so much longer.

The Big Minnie

12 JUL 1950
NEW YORK

BY HANNIBAL COONS

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California

From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

August 17

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Adolphus
Dallas, Texas

Dear George:

George, you will be happy to hear that I have another dandy little trip planned for you. A week-end in the glorious lake country of northern Minnesota. It's just beautiful up there this time of year.

The truth is, of course, George, that we've been given another dog to walk. Why they throw this janitor work at us I can't imagine, except that we have gained a certain reputation for agility.

This one looks like being easy, though. All you have to do is run up to a place called Moosejaw, Minnesota, explain to a girl named Judy Barton why we can't give her a screen test, hop back into your canoe, and paddle briskly out of town.

All we want to do on the thing is get off the hook. It's another one of Nate Bender's brain storms. Nate, as you know, in addition to owning all the theatres up in the moose belt, has always had himself confused with Buffalo Bill. For years he has rained bunks of venison, wild ducks, and deceased fish down upon us like an exploding quick freeze.

This wouldn't be so bad, as by now we are getting used to it, and just keep a skillet hot at all times. But now Nate has gone talent scout on us, as every living soul in this fool business does sooner or later.

It seems that lately Nate has been cleaning out the game up in the Moosejaw area, and he has discovered a girl up there we just can't get along without. She's the daughter of his guide, Lud Barton, and according to Nate she is the most beautiful thing the world has seen since our balance sheet, the year we made the money.

For months Nate has been writing to Sam Pringle, our honored president, to bring this woodland nymph out for a screen test, and Pringle has of course been replying that we have so many woodland nymphs on hand now that we are thinking of changing the name of the studio to Mount Ida.

Please turn to page 4

*I managed to get a few
shots of Judy while she was
prettying up after her
swim.*

The Australian Women's Weekly
July 15, 1950 — Page 2

£2,700 IN PRIZES

EASY TO WIN
IN THE



Monster Jingle Contest

LOOK AT THESE
MAGNIFICENT PRIZES

5 STROMBERG-CARLSON RADIOGRAMS.
The latest and greatest 6-valve dual-wave radio in a superb cabinet of selected timbers. Twin matched 12" Ovaltone speakers achieving perfect tone and faithful reproduction of all volumes.

15 STROMBERG-CARLSON PORTABLE SETS.
You can take it with you—the streamlined, silver-toned Portable you've always wanted!

50 STROMBERG-CARLSON OVALTONE MANTEL MODELS. The last word in radios, unequalled in performance. Fitted with Ovaltone speakers to give concert pitch and full colour tone.

500 WATERMAN BALLPOINT PENS
A pen you'll be proud to own... to write with for years. Waterman quality, Waterman performance.



FACTS ABOUT PEPSODENT TO HELP YOU WIN!

Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium—the fast-foaming, film-removing ingredient.

New Pepsodent with Irium routs dulling film which builds constantly on everyone's teeth, leaving your teeth white and your mouth fresh.

Pepsodent has a wonderful refreshing minty taste which makes it a favourite with all the family.

NEW PEPSODENT GIVES THE WHITEST TEETH
—THE CLEANEST, FRESHEST BREATH

HERE ARE THE RULES:

Any number of entries may be submitted, but each entry must be submitted on an official entry form. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought.

Each entry must include your own name and address and the name and address of the retailer from whom you obtained your entry form. Send entries to "Pepsodent Jingle Contest," Box 4984, G.P.O., Sydney. Contest closes midnight, July 21st, 1950.

Winners of radiograms will be announced on the Pepsodent programme, "King of Quiz," broadcast nationally on August 10th. All radio prizes in the daily press on August 11th; Winners of Waterman pens will be advised by letter.

CLOSING DATE—MIDNIGHT, 21st JULY, 1950.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO!

Write a 2-line Pepsodent Jingle beginning
I like Pepsodent

(Do not fill-in this space—use official entry form obtainable free from all chemists and stores.)

Sample Jingle

I like Pepsodent, with Irium it's right!
Removes dulling film, makes my teeth white.

PEPSODENT gives the WHITEST teeth

PI.85.WW/42g

YESTERDAY

Mr. Bender, tiring of the correspondence, let go his other barrel. In a letter typed on asbestos he informed Sam that the whole trouble with the picture business was the need for some new faces, and if Federal didn't have sense enough to appreciate a new face that was practically shoved under our nose he would patronise a studio that did.

And since at the moment we can do without Nate's theatres as well as we can do without film, Pringle replied in great haste that he had only been kidding, and as a matter of fact one of our best directors was already on the way to interview Miss Barton.

Meaning you, George. Because at present we have practically no directors whatever, having fired them all except a couple who can turn out pictures in less than an hour. The result is that you have been elevated to the exalted rank of director.

Anyway, get going. See these Bartons, talk Judy out of coming to Hollywood. And then beat it.

And that's all there is to it, George—except for a detail so small that it's hardly worth mentioning. But Nate did say that Lud's wife has some sort of an aversion to Hollywood, and that at no part of the interview are you to even mention that you are connected with the movie industry.

Nate says that he is known to the Bartons as a plumbing manufacturer from Toledo.

Feel free to write me about your progress. As ever, Dick.

Richard L. Reed
Federal Pictures Hollywood.
Just bought small chicken ranch. Terribly busy with epidemic of pip. George.

George Scibert
Hotel Adolphus Dallas Tex
Best treatment for pip place chicken's head on small block and wham with hand axe. Treatment is equally sure-fire for Smart-Alecky publicity men. Get going. Dick.

Richard L. Reed
Federal Pictures Hollywood
Calif

What do you know just sold chicken ranch. Leaving here immediately for Minneapolis. George.
Third Case on the Left
Moosejaw, Minnesota
August 21.

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California
Dear Richard:

Well, I'm here. I've taken planes, trains, buses, boats, birchbark canoes, and finally landed in town yesterday aboard a kindly moose.

Feeling that this was no assignment to rush into, I entered town in the guise of a wealthy sportsman, and made guarded inquiries about the Bartons. This is why I am still alive.

The truth is that the Bartons' place is only five miles from here, but it is doubtful if I will ever make it. It's called 30-30 Lodge, and the place is a veritable fortress of firearms and prejudice. Lud is a dried-up little character with a beady eye, who can spit tobacco juice the length of a football field and shoot the nose off a flea at any distance up to a half-mile.

All they have up at the lodge at the moment, however, is a few fishing customers, which enables Lud to devote practically full time to helping his wife, Minnie, hate Hollywood.

It seems that Hollywood once gave Minnie a real bad time. At present she is a large, well-muscled woman, around seven feet tall, who has never shared Lud's love of firearms for the simple reason that she has never had any need of them. According to local gossip she once killed a bull moose with a stick. Beat him to a jelly before Lud could even get loaded up.

But to get back to her low regard for us. This is a most interesting coincidence. Remember the old silent

The Big Minnie

Continued from page 3

version of 'Pacific Continental'—the one that Stupendous made about twenty years ago?

Well, one of those popularity contest things among the lady employees of the Pacific Continental railroad, with the girl getting the most votes to be brought out to Hollywood for a screen test.

At that time Minnie was a tremendously big, ungainly girl, seemingly without any folks of any sort, working in the P.C. yards at Omaha on the crew that cleaned up the trains at the end of their runs.

She was a most valued employee, because Minnie could wash a train the way an ordinary person would bathe a cocker spaniel. But then somebody with a warped sense of humor entered her in the popularity contest.

Instead of laughing it off she took it as a great honor, and before you could say "deisel engine" practically everybody in the Pacific Continental was trying to hustle a few votes for her to save her from serious heart-break. They hustled so well that she won the contest.

Well, when she got to Hollywood there were of course loud moans from

Lines from a city

The commonest dove knows more than I
About the changes of wind and sky;

Flirting and flashing from dawn till dark,
Life for it is a rollicking lark.

With the world below and the skies above,
There are no bars for the common dove.

My office window records these things,
And the flaunting flutter of a grey dove's wings

Evokes the thought of a time when I,
With no glass window twist me and the sky,

Had boundless hours and quiet to note
Each different song from each different throat.

And now in an office I hardly know
If the sun shines, or if the winds blow,

The commonest dove knows more than I
About the changes of wind and sky.

—Heather Gilligan

all sides, and Minnie was given a rapid screen test without even the formality of putting film in the camera.

Stupendous paid her way back to Omaha, but as it turned out she didn't even get off the train. She was heart-broken, and Minnie had an awful lot of heart to break.

You may wonder how I happen to know Minnie's story so well. That's the coincidence. I, sir, am the lad who, twenty years ago, escorted Minnie to Hollywood!

Richard, I beg of you, forget this project, or at least forget my part in it. I love to meet old friends. But not Minnie. If that woman ever saw me, there would just be a flash of flame and Old George would be no more. Dick, you don't know this woman. She could have licked Paul Bunyan with one hand. As ever, Secret service agent 132.

P.S. There's a little jitney plane, I now discover, that yanks air mail and hunters in and out of here, and a little Western Union cubbyhole in the corner of the general store. You can at least get the word to me to leave. Address me by either system as just Timothy Poindexter.

Timothy Poindexter

Moosejaw Minn

Suggest you forget your great love of history and do something about our many problems of to-day. And don't feel that you have to hurry.

Pringle doesn't expect a full report until some time to-morrow.

Dick

Richard L. Reed
5400 Marathon Hollywood, Calif.

I must be working for one of the Juke boys. The dumb one. I'm telling you project cannot be completed. Not humanly possible. Phone Bender explaining situation fully.

Timothy

Timothy Poindexter

Moosejaw Minn

Couldn't think of bothering Bender now. It's his nap time. Do you want me to come up there and bait your hook for you?

Dick

30-30 Lodge
Moosejaw Minnesota.

August 24.

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Whew. I'm in the bosom of the Barton family. But if any of my false colors start to run, I'm dead.

Yesterday afternoon after I got your wire I was standing around in the little general store, pricing baskets, when the screen door banged behind me and the old proprietor said, "Why, here's Mrs. Barton now."

"This is Mr. Poindexter from California, Mrs. Barton," the old guy rambled on; "he's looking for a guide and I've been telling him about Lud."

"Well, land's sake, yes," a great voice boomed behind me, rattling the canned goods. "Lud's the best guide in the world, I guess. You say you're from California, what part o' California?"

Well, nobody can live forever. I was already dead up to the knees. With a sickly smile, I forced myself to turn around. And there was Minnie.

"Hollywood," I said.

"Hollywood!" she boomed. "I knew a fellow once from Hollywood. And oh, what a snake! But he worked for a movie outfit. You ain't ever worked for a movie outfit, have you? You look a little like the fellow."

"Pppppppperish the thought," I said. "I'm in hardware." And I handed her one of the cards I had thoughtfully had made as I'd gone through Minneapolis.

She studied the card carefully, studied me carefully, and finally said, "Okay, Lud'll guide you. Get your stuff."

And she stuck out a mammoth paw. I foolishly put my hand in it, there was a flash like a welder's torch, and I now have a left hand and a mitten.

But I am at least past Minnie's outer defences. Come to think of it, I'm a little put out that she so completely failed to recognise me as the dapper lad of yesteryear. Is it possible that I have changed?

But heavenly days, I haven't told you about Judy. In my boyish pleasure over being still alive I have clean forgotten my biggest news. Dick, she's the prettiest thing you ever saw. Don't ever call Nate nuts again in my presence.

When Minnie and I came clumping in yesterday afternoon this absolutely gorgeous girl was sitting on the front porch of the lodge reading a magazine. She had on a little home-made sunsuit on which she seemed to have run a little sort of material.

I thought she was some character from the East up for a spot of trout. But as we came up the steps to the porch we paused, and Minnie boomed out, "Well, don't just set there, gal; take his bags."

And darned if this lovely child didn't get up, greet us sweetly, pick up my junk, and lead us up to my room. Wire Nate our apologies immediately, and tell him that I am really at work on this thing. Somehow we've got to figure out a way to get this girl a screen test.

Please turn to page 27

WITH the aid of a young naval officer whom he and DR. CRANE helped to save after a shipwreck, ZACHARY resumes his correct name of ANTHONY LOUIS MARY O'CONNELL and rejoins the Navy, from which he had deserted.

His departure brings grief but pride to the doctor, who had adopted him when he was suffering and homeless. And at Weekborough Farm, where she lives with FATHER and MOTHER SPRIGG, her foster-parents, STELLA determines to wait faithfully for his return.

Going to the ruined St. Michael's Chapel in prayer for Zachary's safe return, following the pattern of a local legend, she meets and deeply impresses the austere ABBE de COLBERT, aristocratic refugee from the French Revolution.

The Abbe, previously immersed in his own sorrows, is roused by his interest in Stella to thoughts of others. He visits lonely MRS. LORRAINE to discuss Stella with her, and resumes his chance acquaintance with Dr. Crane, which had centred on Zachary's defeat in a wrestling contest.

Zachary, meanwhile, sees action at the Battle of Trafalgar, and mourns with the rest of the victorious fleet at the death of Nelson.

Now read on:—

A FEW days after the news of Trafalgar reached Torquay the Abbe was seized with an attack of the grippe. He paid no attention to it until one morning after a bad night he found himself with a sharp pain in his chest, extreme difficulty in breathing, and a most irritating inability to get out of bed. He was outraged and rang the bell.

His landlady, Mrs. Jewell, her hands folded at her ample waist, surveyed him with a knowing eye.

"What you need is a good bleeding," she said. "I've said so time and again this last week, but no attention would you pay to what I said. Now you're the worse for it. I'll send Jewell for Parker."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said the Abbe. "If it is your opinion that a physician is needed you will send for Dr. Crane, of Gention Hill, but for no one else," and he shut his eyes.

"Dr. Crane!" ejaculated Mrs. Jewell. "If poor Jewell is to go trampin' all the way out to Gention Hill in this weather then I'll have the two of you in your beds, an' me with but the one pair of hands."

She rustled indignantly from the room, returning a few minutes later with some hot milk which she helped him to drink. But she maintained an outraged silence and then went away again. The Abbe did not know whether she meant to send for Dr. Crane or not. He hoped she would. He felt now that he would very much like to see the doctor.

Soothed by the hot milk, he presently dropped into a restless, feverish sleep and in his sleep the past was with him again.

Again he lived through his sufferings and the slaughter of his family during the Terror; his meeting with Therese, who forsook the convent she had been about to enter in order to rescue him when the Republicans' hunt pressed close to him; his rescue, in turn, of Therese; their nightmare escape to England.

In London the French colony made them welcome, for they bore great names.

Therese had been a fine musician and an exquisite needlewoman, and after their marriage she polished up these accomplishments and taught music and embroidery. Charles, a fine linguist, taught languages. They managed to make a living and a small home, two rooms in Orchard Street, and a child was born to them there.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 15, 1950



Gention Hill

by

ELIZABETH GOUDGE

Stella turned to the Abbe in distress. "I forgot all about thanking you," she said.

She came prematurely and nearly cost her mother her life, yet when once the fear and pain were past she made her parents' happiness a thing as nearly perfect as happiness can be in this world.

She was a lovely little thing, but almost from the beginning strangely mature.

Her father boasted that he saw in her signs of remarkable intelligence as well as remarkable beauty. That was to be expected, he thought, for upon either side she had a fine inheritance. They called her Marie Therese.

To please his wife Charles had become a practising Catholic, though not a very devout one, while she, to please him, studied Greek and let him put her through a course of his beloved classics.

One night each had written down sentences of the thing they liked on scraps of paper and

passed them across to each other. Charles had written, "Love is the divinity who creates peace among men and calm upon the sea, the windless silence of storms, repose and sleep in sadness. Love sings to all things which live and are, soothing the troubled minds of gods and men."

Therese smiled as he handed it to her, thinking how well the words fitted the turmoil of much of their life together, and she folded the bit of paper and slipped it inside the locket that he had given her on their wedding day.

She had written, "Blessed is the man who loves Thee, O God, and his friend in Thee and his enemy for Thee. For he alone loses no one who is dear to him, if all are dear in God, who is never lost." Charles, remembering how nearly she had died when the child

was born, did not smile, but he too folded the paper and put it away in his pocket-book.

Therese was never well after the birth of the child, the two little rooms in Orchard Street were noisy and airless, and she got less well as time went on. When Charles was offered a post as secretary and tutor in a country house in Ireland, he accepted the offer gladly, for he thought Therese would get well there.

Yet when the time came to leave, both Therese and little Marie were ill of some fever and could not travel. He decided that he must go without them, and as soon as they were well again and he had found lodgings for them in Ireland he would come back and fetch them.

Please turn to page 32

"There's nothing like a fragrant
Lux Toilet Soap bath!"



Says

Jane Powell

A star of "Nancy Goes to Rio"
An M-G-M Technicolor Production

FOR YOUR BEAUTY BATH

Take Jane Powell's tip. Try the big, extra-fragrant bath size Lux Toilet Soap. That pure-white tablet is so much longer lasting, gives you so much more beauty lather, so much more film-star loveliness for your money. Buy it today and see for yourself.

FOR YOUR ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS

Give your complexion the same luxurious care as Jane Powell — daily active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap — the complexion care that really works. Leading skin specialists proved that with Lux Toilet Soap, three out of four complexions improve in a VERY short time.

*The Favourite Bath and Complexion Care of
9 out of every 10 Film Stars.*

Buy Lux Toilet Soap today — the standard size for your active-lather facials, the new bath size for your daily beauty bath.

POWER in her Hands



Mrs. Simms studied the telegram for a long, quiet time.

THE three doctors had worked straight through the afternoon; it was almost seven when they came out of the plain little office where they exercised such remarkable authority to save or condemn.

Dr. Elby carried the two wire baskets which represented their day's work. One basket was piled high: those were appeals they had rejected. There were only a few telegrams and letters in the other; those were the appeals they had approved.

Late as it was, Mrs. Simms was still at her desk, making sure they were not disturbed, handling their letters and memoranda with her quiet competence. The oldest of the three doctors, Elby, stood beside her and frowned fondly.

"Mrs. Simms," he said in mock severity, "it was eleven o'clock when we adjourned last night. What time did you leave?"

The grey-haired secretary gave him her pleasant smile.

"I didn't stay long, doctor," she said lightly.

"Don't try to deceive the experts," said Elby. "From the work you did, you must have been here until well after one. And now it's seven o'clock. Phone my wife, will you?"

"I told her you might be late again," Mrs. Simms said a little apologetically.

"You see, gentlemen?" Elby cried proudly. "She's not only the most conscientious woman in town but she makes me look like a gentleman. Well, we are coming back about nine, but you, Mrs. Simms, are not. You have worked altogether too hard on this thing. I want you to go home, for a change. You hear me?"

"I'm going," Mrs. Simms said obediently. "I'll just lock up the office."

"She means she'll do another day's work," said Elby. "Well, I eat, even if she doesn't. . . . Thank you for getting us coffee, Mrs. Simms. You have a heart of gold."

She heard their steps clatter in the corridor, heard Elby pounding on the glass for the elevator, and went in to straighten up the office they used for their meetings. These were curious conferences, conducted mostly in monosyllables.

The three composed a board, and were engaged on a sombre job. They had been appointed to parcel out a new drug. There was pitifully little of it yet, and that little must go where it would do the most good.

For a week now, Mrs. Simms had

carried in telegrams and letters, and the three doctors had considered each application. They could not grant one frantic appeal in fifty.

It was a responsibility they carefully avoided talking about. Mrs. Simms had noticed that none of the three liked to look at the two wire baskets into which the requests were sorted.

The contrast between the pile of rejections and the thin sheaf of approvals was all too eloquent. She felt deeply sorry for the three, but she was proud of them. They were making hard decisions without a fuss; they were the kind of upright, responsible people whom she admired.

If you had asked her why she tidied up the room, she would have said, "To make it look better, of course." Actually it was because she had a strong sense of the urgency of these meetings and knew how fast the clock was running for the men and women named in those telegrams.

She kept these feelings completely under control, and now, as she sat at her desk, she showed neither tension nor fatigue. Her hair was becomingly arranged, her blue suit seemed as trim as it had that morning. Her white blouse, which a woman might have noticed was chosen to keep the suit from looking too severe, was perfectly fresh.

You see her kind in offices every now and then and know they are jewels.

Alone again in the little office, Mrs. Simms turned out the unnecessary lights and began going through the new telegrams. Sometimes she could weed out irrelevant ones without bothering the doctors.

She found one now, a request for Dr. Elby to write an article for a Sunday supplement. And then she found a telegram she held for a long, quiet time. She shook her head in gentle disbelief, a little as if she had been asked to contribute to a

fund for piracy or help burn down a church.

For she knew the man on whose behalf this wire had been sent. Otherwise the message was much the same as the others—an appeal for a portion of the new life-saver, on behalf of a patient whose condition seemed hopeless.

It was a petition the three doctors might very well grant, for this was the kind of case against which the new Wonder Drug, as the newspapers called it, had scored striking victories. The attending physician who made the request added unnecessarily that he knew how little of the drug there was.

The town, the odd spelling of the last name, the age, the occupation, left no doubt. Mrs. Simms knew this patient. The description said "unmarried," but she knew better. The young man described was her son-in-law. She had reason to hate him with an intensity the three doctors would have believed outside her nature.

This telegram presented a shocking opportunity. This telegram delivered an enemy into her hands—an eventuality most upright citizens never encounter. Some minds would choose a gentler phrase: I can let

of undefined fear in which the girl had lived for two years.

Even then, Martha would be afraid all her days that Lew would show up with some slyly malicious design, even if only to make his presence a form of suspense.

It had been a matter of wonder to Mrs. Simms to see cruelty practised for cruelty's sake, as if it were golf or a game of patience. Inflicted as deliberately as Mrs. Simms bestowed kindness.

She had met a poised and glib young man, a little too carefully dressed, a little too thin in the lips, a little too sly in the eyes.

It took a little time to realise that Lew's manner was faintly sneering, faintly impudent, like that of a smart teenage boy. It took a little time to realise that he enjoyed giving insults by courtesies; he could offer a chair in a way that said, "You need it, old woman."

It had been hard for Mrs. Simms to admit that Lew was cruel.

She had seen very little of her son-in-law. One meeting to tell her of the secret marriage, and to say that Martha had better live at home for a while. It was odd how Martha and her mother, without discussion, had decided not to tell the news to their friends. Lew had spent a week with them last summer in the beach cottage.

The rest of the time he had wandered, writing evasively about his doings—letters phrased deliberately to keep the two women in doubt.

Little time as she had spent with him, she had come to realise that Lew's delight was a kind of negative cruelty, consisting of omission.

There were so many little things, like not removing a thorn from a dog's foot one day at the cottage, and not waking the little boy who fell asleep on the beach and picked up a really dangerous sunburn.

That same week Mrs. Simms had seen Lew do what came perilously close to murder. A new convertible,

with a boy and a girl in it, had tried to pass, aiming for the hole in traffic between Lew's car and one ahead.

The boy drove desperately, trying to get out of the way of the big moving van hammering down on him in the other lane. He didn't quite make it. There had been a lot of confusion, with tyres screaming as two lines of traffic tried to avoid a pile-up, but two things had been crystal-clear to Mrs. Simms.

First, a woman had been badly injured. The other thing Mrs. Simms saw clearly was that Lew had glanced into his rear-view mirror and gently added speed until he blocked the convertible's way.

She faced him with it, although a little afraid. "Did you see that car, Lew, the one coming from behind?"

"Why, of course not, Mother Simms," he said, using the form of address he could make so mocking.

These were things her three doctors never knew; there was nothing to tell them whether they dealt with saint or scoundrel. When they doled out a share of the rarest medicine on earth, they did not know whether it went to a man like Lew or some fine boy.

On her right and on her left were the two wire baskets. If she put this telegram into the basket to the right, the doctors would see it tonight. In the pathetic competition for the new drug, this appeal stood a very good chance.

If she put the telegram into the other basket, with the rejected ones, the customary telegram of refusal would go out, surprising no one.

Morally it might very well approximate murder. Murder executed without chance of detection, for no one would ever connect this dying man with Mrs. Simms.

But Mrs. Simms was far too fastidious to lie to herself. Omission can be as deadly as any more melodramatic weapon.

She picked up the telegram with a hand that was perfectly steady. And she put it into the basket where she had decided it ought to go.

(Copyright)

By ROBERT M. YODER

him die. But opportunity, motive, and means make a harsher total: I can kill him.

In her box of writing-paper at home there was an unfinished letter to this same town and to this young man, this mocking young man who had left her daughter Martha in such a strange limbo of matrimony. The letter asked him to let Martha have a divorce.

It would be difficult for Martha, for their marriage had been secret, and in another State, where Martha met him. Their friends first knowledge of the marriage would be Martha's admission of its failure. But it would be better than the life



DOORWAY TO AUSTRALIA

This peaceful scene of Perth University readily creates a mental image of plump Benedictine Monks sauntering through colonnade and cloister, for many of the architectural features of this seat of learning were inspired by the famous old Monastery of Montreale, Sicily. Here history and modern progress meet in perfect harmony to delight travellers to the youngest State of the Commonwealth.

Perth, lovely city nestling against the wide, tranquil Swan River, possesses a glorious Mediterranean climate to match the warm friendliness of its happy people. By air it is only $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours flying time from Adelaide, $10\frac{3}{4}$ hours from Melbourne, $11\frac{1}{2}$ from Sydney and under 14 from Brisbane.

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A U S T R A L I A N N A T I O N A L A I R W A Y S P T Y . L T D .

This is Our Night

By FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

KATE DRUMMOND was a very sentimental woman when it came to certain things. "I'm an idiot over lavender and old lace," she was wont to admit. "I'm a flower-presser, a love-letter-keeper, a snapshot-saver."

She had a huge box filled with trinkets and keepsakes commemorating some occasion or other, and every few years she would drag it out from the cupboard and spend a happy hour on the floor, leafing through the yellowed diaries and letters, gazing affectionately at the ancient snapshots from the late 'twenties.

To-day was one of those days. While the rain spattered against the window-panes, she sat on the carpet absorbed in an old diary. From the kitchen there came the clamor of Emma banging pots and pans about, from David's room the sound of two childish voices raised in heated argument.

Since the children fought almost constantly, however, and Emma had a heavy hand with everything but her pastry, the combined noise they made impressed Kate no more than the sound of passing traffic. She turned the pages of the battered book in her hands as if she were alone in the heart of a woodland glade with birds cheeping faintly in the background.

She had not read this particular diary for a very long time, and now she discovered that it covered that period of time when she had first met Charles. Every detail of their first date together had been recorded; where they had gone, what they had eaten, the music they had heard, the things they had said. As Kate's eyes raced over the lines of writing she could see it all clearly again.

When she had finished, she leaned her head back against the chair with a little sigh. Almost fifteen years, she thought. She saw them both, lean and young and bright-eyed, trying so hard to make an impression on each other during those first few hours alone. There had been something so touching about it, something so fresh and . . .

A shriek from the other room roused her and she rose to her feet, her eyes still dreamy. David and Ellie were engaged in a scuffle, and Kate walked into the other room and pulled them apart with all the abstraction of a veteran referee in a boxing ring.

"Now, now," she said. "Birdies in their little nests should agree."

David hooted with some bitterness. He was a dark-haired, wiry boy, tall for his thirteen years. Beside him, ten-year-old Eleanor looked ethereal, with her fair, curling hair and grey-blue eyes. There was nothing ethereal about her otherwise, however; she had a superb left hook and an appetite her parents had likened to that of a boa-constrictor.

The fight, after some dark muttering, was not renewed, and Kate was able to return to the other room and the mementoes of her youth. Long after she had placed the unwieldy box back on the shelf, old memories clung to her mind, and they were still there when Charles came home.

"Darling," she said to him while he was washing, "we're in a rut."

He mopped his wet face with a towel. "It's a nice, comfortable rut," he said. "As ruts go."

"I suppose so," Kate was sitting on the edge of the bath and looking up at him with a rather pensive expression. "But I was reading some old letters and stuff to-day dated from before we were married, and . . ." She hesitated. "Oh, Charles, we've changed so since then! We've become so settled, so mature!"

He looked at her in surprise. "Why, of course," he said. "Isn't that what you're supposed to do as you grow older—mature?"

"Yes, but . . ." Kate stopped, and when she spoke again everything about her was softer, her voice, her eyes, her manner. "Well, I was reading an old diary of mine and . . . Do you know, Charles, that next Friday is the fifteenth anniversary of our first date together?"

She was pleased to see that she now had his attention. He was lathering his hands and for a moment he was still, staring down at them. "Fifteen years," he said. "Is it really as long ago as that?"

"Yes, it is," Kate's eyes were very bright. "And do you know what I was thinking? That it would be awfully nice if you took me out on Friday night and we did all those things we did on that first night."

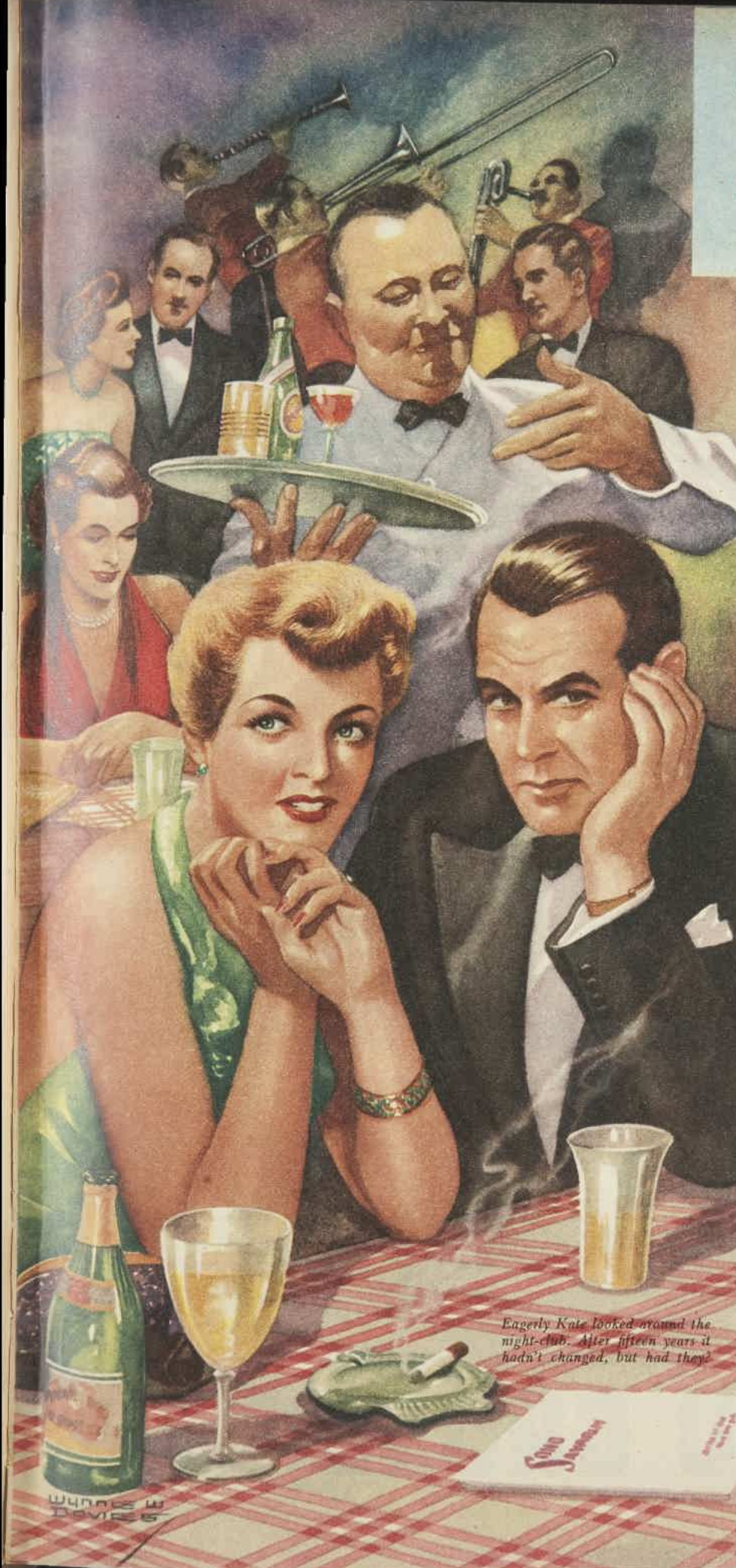
He looked at her suspiciously. "What did we do?"

"Oh, Charles," she said. "Don't you remember?"

Please turn to page 39

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Eagerly Kate looked around the night-club. After fifteen years it hadn't changed, but had they?



BLOOD DONORS Urgently needed!



Four years and three months ago Marilyn was born — a tiny, frail baby, seemingly destined for a few hours only of life. Grave-faced doctors made a hurried blood test — their fears were confirmed. Marilyn was an Rh baby, the product of a rare incompatibility in her parents' blood.

Fifteen seconds after she was born, the inefficient blood was drained from her body and replaced by Rh negative blood given in direct transfusion by a Red Cross donor. Colour flushed into her cheeks, and she started crying lustily. Marilyn was the first Rh baby in Australia to be saved by this operation, and the second in the world.

To-day Marilyn is a lively four-year-old with a mop of yellow curls. For her parents — still a little dazed by the seeming miracle of her survival — words cannot express the gratitude they feel towards skilled surgery and the Red Cross.

Every day hundreds of calls are made on the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service.

More donors are urgently needed.

Will you help to save lives by enrolling NOW?

Contact **RED CROSS** today

Gray Hordern's Paris Notes.

● Short sleeves of Jacques Fath's checked suit, at right, are cut very wide and banded with black for a cape effect. He adds a black bow tie with starched collar for mannish look.

The belted line,
the crisp white dicky front,
the full sleeve, the slim skirt,
mannish bow ties with starched
collars are all high fashion
for spring, 1950.



● For the slim-fitting frock, above, Jeanne Lafaurie uses orange linen, new and very popular in Paris.

● Marcel Rochas makes the suit, at left, with blouse sleeves and a floating panel to give a cape effect.

● In Pierre Balmain's suit, at right, he features full undersleeves and patent-leather hatband and belt.

Women over 35 can
now look younger



Helena Rubinstein's Estrolar Youthifying Oil

Tests in American Universities have proved that Helena Rubinstein's Estrolar Oil can give women younger-looking skin.

Estrolar Oil is a natural substance, and it works in a simple way. When absorbed into your skin, it makes your under-skin fill out. This gently stretches the outer-skin. When this happens, tiny lines become less visible. Your skin looks fuller, less wrinkled, more youthful — and lovelier.

Use quickly-absorbed Estrolar Oil as an invisible beauty treatment under your make-up. At night, massage in Estrolar Youthifying Cream to carry on the wonderful work.



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Dunkirk - 10 Years After



WREATHS were thrown into the harbor of Dunkirk by representatives of British servicemen as part of anniversary ceremony last month.

● The laughter of holiday-makers was stilled as they joined in the ceremonies to mark the evacuation of Dunkirk ten years ago. Many of the little ships which in 1940 braved the Channel blitz to rescue more than 300,000 men of the trapped British Expeditionary Force returned in 1950 to take part in the celebration.



SERVICE was conducted by Very Rev. A. T. A. Naylor, who was Deputy Chaplain-General of B.E.F. 1939-1940 (above).

MARGATE sand was placed in box by the Mayor, who mingled it with the sands of Dunkirk (left).



PEACEFUL beaches which in 1940 were covered with a pall of battle smoke.

THEY'RE QUIET WORKERS



LASSIE, well-trained sheepdog at Flemington Saleyards, Sydney. Dogs begin training at four months and should be ready for work at a year old.

Many a city dog who has nothing to chase but a car, and nothing to smell but petrol, might envy the 340 dogs at Flemington Saleyards, near Sydney, who spend their busy lives in a rich aroma of cattle and sheep.

AT Flemington the sheep and cattle dogs work day and night in two straight shifts, keeping alert eyes on their masters, while running rings round animals four or five times their size.

Dogs such as Lassie, Darkie, Bluey, and Boomer cope with 30,200 sheep and 2299 cattle in a single day.

Off duty they snooze in specially provided kennels, munching meat and bones which the drovers get from their carcass butcher employers.

Unlike city dogs who delight in taking a bite out of the milkman's leg, these working dogs must prove themselves non-biters. If they can do that they are free of the indignity of being muzzled. Rotund and kindly Mr. Limbery Hooper, who is in control of all dogs at Flemington, knows most of the men at the yards and their dogs by name.

Before coming to the saleyards, Mr. Hooper spent 26 years as inspector with the R.S.C.P.A., and keeps a good lookout for any ill-treatment of animals.

"There's very little cruelty," said Mr. Hooper. "The 50 or 60 drovers here are fond of their dogs, and look after them well."

Although only 10 miles or so from Sydney, the 900 acres of saleyards are a little oasis of the past and the days of the horse and buggy.

Brown-faced country men ride horses at a trot along the roads followed by their dogs. Underneath a pepper tree a kelpie stands beside a horse whose reins are thrown over a fence post.

And there are country noises—baying of sheep, the bellowing of cattle—but no sound from the dogs, who are too intelligent to make a noise while they work.

Cutting through this oasis of the bush are

the quick voices of auctioneers and the sound of trains bringing more stock to Flemington, all meaning business in terms of food, leather, and exports.

There are a few sheep at the saleyards who team up with the dogs. They are pet sheep who lead their country cousins to be drafted, then stand aside while a swift rush from the dogs sends them through.

More than two and a half million sheep pass through the saleyards every year, and the dogs must be well trained to cope with them. Appearance of the dogs varies between red, smoky, and the dark kelpie type, but they are all well bred, highly trained, and valuable.

As Mr. Hooper said: "Twenty-five pounds is nothing for a dog here. Sometimes you see a man walking along with a pup on a lead, training him. A dog trained from when it is four months old should be fully trained by the time it's a year old. If it doesn't know what to do then, it never will."

Yes, it's a life some of the city mongers wouldn't mind.

Perhaps the greatest thrill for the sheepdogs is the moment when Parramatta Road, the main Western Highway, is crossed. The dogs circle watchfully round the sheep while a policeman holds up the traffic.

Then, quick as a flash, they hear a whistle from their master, and they streak off after the sheep, sending them straight across. Sometimes the dogs leap from one sheep's back to another, always working together like team mates.

That's something else, too. The life of a sheep or cattle dog isn't a solitary one. It's a crowded life of work, with men, with sheep and cattle, with other dogs.

Some of those French poodles and lapdogs, sniff these workers, must lead a heck of a life.

Sheepdogs are silent service at saleyards



CONTROLLER of the saleyards Mr. Limbery Hooper, who is responsible for work and care of the several hundred dogs.

DROVER Maurice Coles and three sheepdogs—Darky, Boozer, and Bonnie—make a bush picture when they drive into Flemington Saleyards, only ten miles from the city of Sydney.



WITH THEIR DOGS ready for work beside them, drovers Jim Crook, Ray Starkey, and Hal Curry ride into the saleyards, where more than 2½ million sheep pass through every year.

MOB OF SHEEP (below) being sent to Japan is rounded up by Stan Herrick and his dogs. A good dog is worth anything from £25.





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is the first of an exciting
range of knitted nylon
nightwear and underwear
which is being produced
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a Nightgown
BY **Prestige**

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PLEATS ARE IN

● Cell Chapman, of New York, makes this all-over pleated afternoon frock of grey silk organdie. Sleeves are set on a deep shoulder yoke and their fullness is placed to give the necessary new above-the-waist width.



● Hattie Carnegie featured fan-pleated skirts in her collection. The one above is called an open fan, giving below-the-hips fullness. It is an after five frock of taffeta.



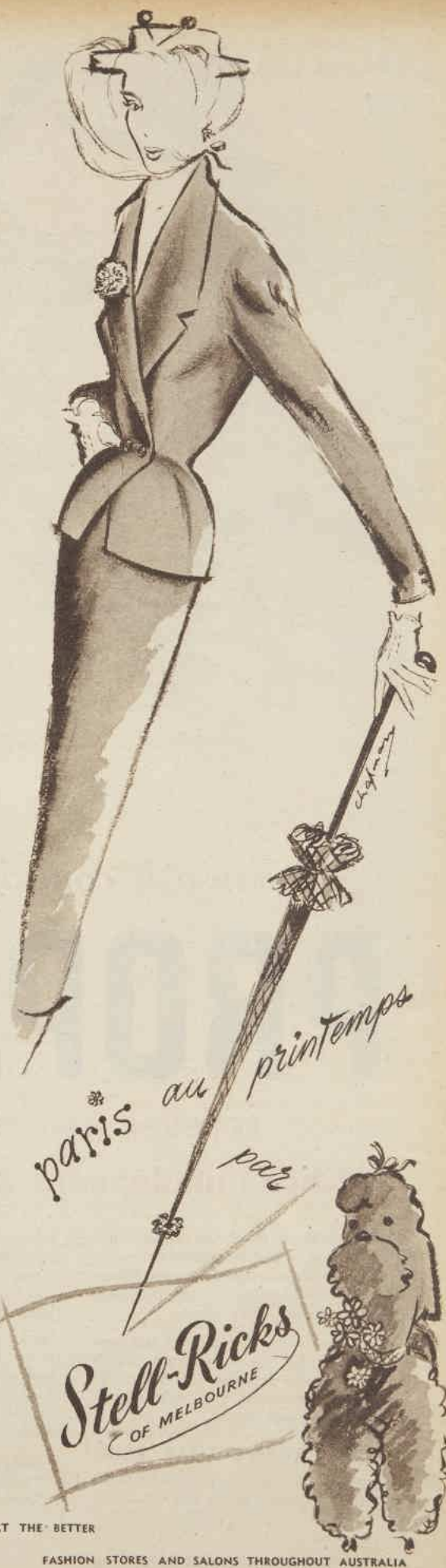
● Marcel Rochas uses pleats cleverly in the sheer wool frock at right by adding two pleated panels to give a tunic effect over a straight skirt. The sleeves are full and pouched.

For years pleating has been overlooked as a high fashion feature, but both Paris and New York designers have given it first priority in their current collections, as it is the perfect method of handling all the marvellous new fabrics, particularly the sheers, which appear in every house, used in every possible way.



● Claire McCardell's kasha-colored wool suit is pleated from shoulder to hem and belted to give the bloused line.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 15, 1950



AT THE BETTER

FASHION STORES AND SALONS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Page 15

*"This A.P.C. cannot upset
your DIGESTION"*



Because it contains **SYNERGIN***

PROPAIN

relieves pain swiftly

without unpleasant after effects!

Propain brings quick and certain relief from pain... soothes jangled nerves... reduces undue temperatures and brings rest to the sleepless... with positively no unpleasant after effects!

This is because it contains the new wonder ingredient Synergisin, which prevents the digestive disturbances so often experienced after taking pain relieving preparations.

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Propain... taken in powder or tablet form... is quick-acting and certain. It

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Synergisin neutralises the acidity caused by the taking of Acetyl-salicylic Acid, thus preventing the heartburn and other digestive upsets usually experienced after taking pain-relieving tablets or powders. Synergisin also increases the effectiveness of the other three ingredients. Remember, Propain is the only A.P.C. in Australia to contain Synergisin.

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Korean people knew "showdown" was coming



VITAL BRIDGE across the Han River near Seoul. This bridge was destroyed early in the fighting, cutting rail communication between Seoul and North Korea. Laborers in foreground are gathering ice from river for domestic refrigeration during summer.



WESTERN GATE of Seoul, the capital of South Korea. It is an ancient picturesque city.

Helping refugees from north was daily event, says missionary

"Everyone knew the showdown in Korea was just a question of time," said Presbyterian missionary Miss Dorothy Leggatt, who left Korea on furlough for Melbourne "just before the powder went up."

Miss Leggatt, who first went to Korea in 1928, has seen the cold war develop ever since the country's liberation from Japan in 1945.

FROM the time the Iron Curtain fell, cutting the country in halves, in 1945, when the Russians declared war on Japan, Seoul, capital of the south, became like London coping with a friendly invasion by hordes of Scots," said Miss Leggatt.

"The division of the country across the 38th parallel was only an artificial one, because Koreans always considered themselves a united nation," she explained.

"Although all Koreans were loyal to the section of the country where they were born and grew up, there was never enmity between north and south.

"With the descent of the Iron Curtain many Northern Koreans risked their lives to escape the 'freedom' imposed by the People's Army controlling the north.

"Supporting these escapees was an everyday occurrence for Southern Koreans."

When the Russian and American occupation forces withdrew and South Korea had its first election a little over two years ago, a seat in the government of South Korea was left open to be filled by a Korean from the North, as a gesture of goodwill and hope for unity.

"But the People's Army, which controlled the North from the time of the Russian military withdrawal, insisted on remaining aloof.

"Northerners escaping from the

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

People's Army domination brought tales of misery among the Northern Koreans who wouldn't fit into the Communist pattern by joining the People's Army," Miss Leggatt said.

"No food coupons were issued to them and they had to escape to the South or starve to death."

She cited the case of a Korean clergyman, Mr. W. W. Son, and his wife and children. Mr. Son was sentenced to a term of imprisonment and until his release and the family's eventual escape to the South his wife kept herself and the four children alive by hiding in the country and relying on the charity of peasants for food.

Miss Leggatt says that fear of a possibility of a People's Army fifth column in the South was aroused when Mrs. Horace Underwood, wife of an American missionary, Dr. Underwood, was shot dead at her own front door by a band of strange men.

The Underwoods had been performing magnificent work befriending refugees with food and clothing.

Miss Leggatt says that the cold war literally developed in 1947, when the Russians, still in occupation of the North, trumped up an excuse for cutting off the electric supply to the American-occupied South.

Without electric power the economy of the much more heavily populated South was paralysed. America has since done its utmost to remedy this terrific blow by trying to develop new electric power sources, but in a country so long in the hands of overlords progressive action by individuals is slow. Japan had occupied Korea from 1910.

Miss Leggatt says that although the Koreans are longing for complete independence they realise that they have a long and difficult road to travel.

They look to America, particularly, to see them through this transition period. British and American missionaries have gradually broken down the strong prejudices that Koreans held against all outsiders.

Koreans reverse learning above all else and the schools, universities and hospitals pioneered in their country by missionaries have won great respect for Western civilisation.

"They were a bit dubious about

us for a long while," Miss Leggatt recalls. "When I first went up there in 1928, the freedom enjoyed by women missionaries scandalised Korean elders, who believed in the complete segregation of the sexes. But we were eventually accepted, because of our scholarship.

"They reasoned that women who knew the Chinese classics couldn't be entirely abandoned creatures. The Koreans' worship of culture has brought about the snobbish custom by the educated classes of allowing the nail on the little finger of the right hand to grow to great length to show they don't do laboring work, but belong to the intelligentsia.

"The detached intellectual approach characterises their attitude in everyday living to such an extent that only recently has it been good form to show the slightest affection to those near and dear.

"Wives are now permitted to walk side by side with their husbands, although many women still trail meekly behind their lords and masters.

"Modern young fathers sometimes admit that they care for their children enough to take them to the beach for an afternoon."

Strange etiquette

MISS LEGGATT said that, out of deference to the etiquette of the country, foreign missionaries still refrain from the close personal contact of shaking hands with members of the opposite sex in public.

"Kissing in any shape or form is absolutely taboo. Korean mothers don't even kiss their babies," Miss Leggatt said.

Just before she returned to Australia Miss Leggatt and an elderly Korean had to cross paths on a narrow roadway. Out of respect for her the old fellow courteously turned



MISSIONARY, Miss Dorothy Leggatt, with some of the peasant dolls she brought home to Melbourne when she arrived from Korea on furlough recently.

his back to avoid seeing her as she passed.

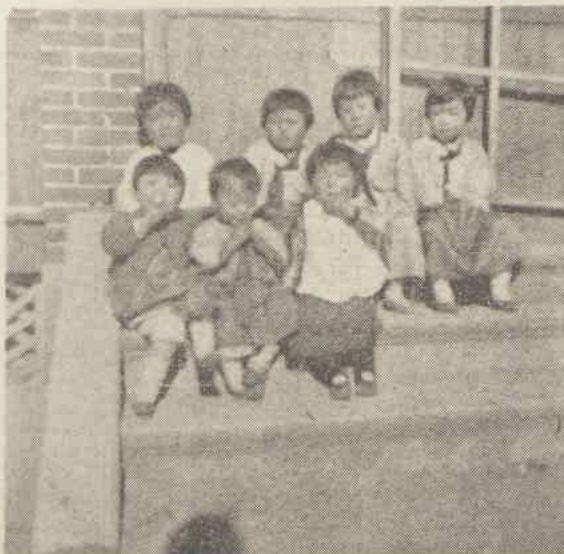
Although Korean women are now emancipated enough to enjoy movie films and permanent waves, mixed dancing is still thought to be in extremely bad taste. Blonde hair is also considered to be beyond the pale.

"Korea wants to adapt itself to the Atomic Age very gradually," says Miss Leggatt. "It is proud of its ancient culture, dating back over 4000 years. Its main observatory at Kyungju, is one of the oldest observatories in the world.

"As for new-fangled notions about frozen food — Korean housewives have kept bacteria away in the blazing hot summers with refrigeration, almost throughout the country's entire history.

"Every winter ice from the frozen rivers is collected and stored away in straw, deep down in the earth in cellars, for use the following year."

Miss Leggatt, who has spent 22 years in Korea with occasional furloughs home to Melbourne, is the daughter of Mrs. Leggatt, of Surrey Hills, Melbourne, and the late Rev. T. W. Leggatt. Her brother is the former Victorian Chief Secretary, Colonel W. W. Leggatt.



KOREAN CHILDREN whom Miss Leggatt taught at the Presbyterian Mission at Pusan, South Korea.

WOMEN—AND WAR

THE alarm and anxiety which have swept the world since the outbreak of war in Korea strike deepest into the hearts of women.

When shooting begins anywhere their first thought is of husbands, sons, and sweethearts—the men whose minds and bodies must be battered by war's hideous brutalities.

Many of those who toss in dread at night now are still watching carefully over men recovering from the effects of World War II.

Some of these men have not yet completed their rehabilitation training, or picked up the threads of interrupted careers. Thousands more are still in hospital.

Round them are grouped the hero-warshipping younger brothers, the growing sons and nephews whose readiness to follow in their martial footsteps gives mothers the keenest pangs.

In some homes, there is already anxiety for Australian servicemen on duty in the war area.

Women find it hard to believe ideological or national rivalry need end in war.

They know from bitter experience that war solves no problems and that the basic needs of human society are always sacrificed to its greedy demands.

The miracle is that, hating war as they do, women yet come forward so magnificently to serve its needs.

Ready though they may be, their prayer is now that World War III has not begun and that their only unwilling sacrifice, the loss of their menfolk, may not be asked of them again—so soon.

JENNY LIND: Fame gave her no pleasure

ALTHOUGH Swedish singer Jenny Lind was trained from childhood to be a prima donna she never enjoyed her triumphant career. She followed it only because it allowed her to indulge her worship of music, and, at the same time, earn tremendous money for charity.

The soprano who scored success after success and whose "every note was like a pearl" was always afraid she would not please her audience.

She also longed for the privacy of a happy home and family life. Until her happy marriage in her thirties to Otto Goldschmidt, a man 10 years her junior, her life was marred by childhood memories of the cruelty, narrowness, and suspicion of a mother soured by two disillusioning marriages.

Unlike most prima donnas, she left the operatic stage at the height of her career, and, at her farewell operatic performance in 1849, she "rocked the great house with love and joy and grief."

When she was 25 years old and rapidly reaching the height of her career she wrote to a former teacher: "How difficult it is to stand all this racing about, alone! alone! Having to rely on my own judgment for everything and yet so absorbed in my roles. The stage has no attraction for me; my soul is yearning for rest from all these compliments and adulation."

A friend once wrote in his diary: "I am convinced that she would gladly exchange all her triumphs for simple, homely happiness."

Despite her nervousness and reluctance for fame, however, Jenny Lind's career was perhaps the most wonderful of her century. For years she was the acknowledged queen of song in England, Europe, and America.

Mendelssohn, one of her closest friends, said of her: "She is as great an artist as ever lived and the greatest I have known." When he wrote for his oratorio "Elijah" the high notes of the soprano, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabbath," he had her image before him.

As she travelled through Europe on concert tours she was received like a member of Royalty. Flowers were strewn in her path and gifts were showered upon her. When she gave a concert in Copenhagen Danish students serenaded her, and torches blazed round the villa in which she was staying.

When she left Vienna for England 20,000 people were on the wharf to say good-bye, all vessels in the harbor were decorated with flags, and as her ship sailed naval guns fired salutes.

When she sang in London, says a biographer, "the walls of the Opera House bulged, prices were boosted

FAMOUS WOMEN

sky-high, flowers from admirers would have filled several florist shops, thunderous applause shook the rafters, tears of pleasure streamed down the faces of ecstatic females, the Queen's presentation bouquet lay at her feet, and the whole Royal Family attended."

There were "portraits of her on snuff boxes, matchboxes, bon-bon boxes, and tea-trays. Jenny Lind bread was a standard bakery product, young girls sang the songs she sang and danced the 'Jenny Lind Polka,' while young men spent a month's allowance on stalls."

But Jenny cared little for the adulation. She regarded her voice as a gift from God which allowed her to "earn much money and so help my fellow-man with it."

"Few suspect how unutterably little the world and its splendor have been able to turn my mind giddy," she once wrote to a friend.

She had her most spectacular success in America, where she toured under the management of P. T. Barnum. In 1850 a wealthy Bostonian paid 625 dollars at an auction for a ticket to her first Boston concert, and a few weeks later a Rhode Island man topped this by paying 653 dollars for his seat.

Born at St. Clara, Stockholm, on October 6, 1820, Jenny, who was christened Johanna Maria, was the daughter of a young, irresponsible ledger-keeper and an eminently respectable mother who had been married before.

Her father, who loved to lift his good voice in song with bright com-



JENNY LIND, the "Swedish Nightingale."

been playing, the grandmother remarked to Mrs. Lind: "That child will bring you help."

The first major discovery of Jenny's voice was made by the personal maid of a dancer at the Royal Opera House. She heard Jenny singing to her cats in a window and told her mistress of the child's beautiful voice.

The dancer arranged for Jenny, who was then nine, to sing before the Singing Master at the Royal Theatre. He wept when he heard her voice, but had trouble in inducing Count Puke, the head of the theatre, to hear her. The Count declared Jenny "a small, ugly, broad-nosed, shy, gauche, under-grown girl."

When he finally consented to hear her, however, he also wept, and agreed at once to take her into the Royal Theatre, where she was taught to sing and educated at Government expense.

Her mother recoiled at the thought of the stage, but she was up against it financially. When the Royal Theatre offered to relieve her of all direct responsibility for her child's maintenance and education she yielded.

Jenny entered Sweden's Royal Theatre, which was subsidised from the Royal Civil List, in September, 1830, and was educated completely during the next 10 years. She learned to move, walk, and hold herself with perfect poise and dignity. She was taught singing, elocution, dancing, and other branches of instruction which made her a cultivated woman and also fitted her for the theatrical profession.

She was boarded out to her mother as an "actress-pupil," with expenses for food, clothes, and lodging provided. Mrs. Lind was also engaged to teach her daughter "the piano, religion, French, history, geography, writing, arithmetic, and drawing."

But Jenny was not happy with her mother, whose narrowness and austerity affected her and induced a seriousness which she never lost. Her mother's harsh treatment forced

her to leave home when she was 14. After an 18 months' legal battle she had to return home, but she still continued studying at the theatre.

She finally left her mother's home when she was 19, but took care that as much friendship as possible should be maintained between them.

When she heard of her mother's death in 1851 Jenny, who was in America, wrote to a friend: "Everything was now smooth and nice between us; I was it hopes that she would have been spared for many a long year, and that, now that she was quieter and more reasonable, I might have surrounded her old age with joy and peace and tender care."

During her growing years Jenny made periodic appearances in plays at the Royal Theatre, and in 1837 she began work at the theatre as an actress on £60 a year. During that year she appeared 92 times on the boards in 12 new characters. In some she sang, while in others she danced or acted.

She made her first serious debut, however, on March 7, 1838, when she played Agatha in Weber's opera, "Der Freischütz." For the rest of her life she observed the date with a religious solemnity as her artistic birthday. She often said: "I got up that morning as a creature, and I went to bed another, for I had found my vocation."

In 1839 her salary was increased to £90, her operatic parts grew in importance, and she sang the part of Alice in "Roberto il Diavolo," one of her greatest successes. She sang Alice 75 times during her short operatic career. In May of that year she also gave her first concert.

In the next three years she sang with great success, but hard work finally began to tell, and in 1841 she took herself off to Paris, where she put her tired voice in the care of famous teacher Manuel Garcia.

He forbade her to sing, or even talk much, for three months, and then for the next 10 months guided her voice to a new glory.

In gratitude to her Alma Mater she returned to the Royal Theatre at Stockholm for a season, at a salary much smaller than her value, and then began her triumphant concert and operatic career in Europe and England.

But her most prolific financial era started when she signed with the great P. T. Barnum, in 1850, to tour America under his patronage.

Continued on page 24

NEW COLD CURE

AGAINST the advice of doctors, Americans now buy a million anti-histamine tablets a day to treat their colds.

These cold sufferers and the patent medicine companies which make the tablets quote the results of tests in the Navy and at Sing Sing Prison.

In these tests, 80 per cent. of men to whom anti-histamine was given at the first symptom of a cold in the head were cured.

But doctors say that the drug companies' claims aren't justified, that there's no proof that the tablets cure colds at all. Some doctors say that they can cause dizziness, nausea, and blackouts.

Anti-histamines are used to treat allergy illnesses—hay fever, for instance. Symptoms of some of these are similar to those of the common cold, so scientists tried them on colds.

Results of these experiments induced the U.S. Government to allow unrestricted sale of anti-histamines. Before that they could be sold only on a doctor's prescription only.

An article in A.M. for July, now on sale, tells you how Australian doctors and patent medicine companies regard this new treatment for colds. Price of A.M., the magazine for men and women, is still only 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



SIGNING REGISTER. Mr. and Mrs. Victor Maxwell sign the register at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Bride formerly Mora Dunlop, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Dunlop, of Point Piper. Victor son of Mr. Justice Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell.



HAPPY GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Holmes a'Court leave St. Mark's Church with attendants, Bob Irvine, Richard Wilcox, Juliet Kenne- way, of Newcastle, bride's sister, Helen Campbell, and bridegroom's niece, 3-year-old Anne Glasen, as flower-girl. Bride formerly Peggy Campbell, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Eric Campbell, of Billabool. Young Peter is son of Dr. and Mrs. A. Holmes a'Court, of Bellevue Hill.



WED IN LONDON. Peter Adams and his bride, Helen Dobell, leaving Holy Trinity Church, Brompton Road, after their marriage. Bride younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Dobell, of Double Bay. Peter is only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Adams, of Knightsbridge, London.

Intimate Gittings



BALLETOMANES. Philippa Scott Waine attends National Theatre Ballet Company with Mr. Tom Prescott and Miss M. Waine at the Empire Theatre. Philippa trims bodice of her evening frock—a stiffened dusty-pink linen—with 100-year-old crochet.



DEEP FREEZE TURKEY. Mrs. Pete Jarman, wife of American Ambassador, hands her chef a turkey for Independence Day dinner from Embassy deep freeze. Parliamentary members, diplomatic corps, local residents, and country folk enjoy the Jarman's hospitality on their national day.



COMPOSER OF "CORROBOREE." John Antill (centre), is congratulated by the Governor, Sir John Northcott, and Joyce Graeme, of the National Theatre Ballet Company, at party following world premiere of "Corrobooree."

INDEPENDENCE DAY celebration at U.S. Embassy in Canberra is described by all who attend as "epicures' dream." Popular American Ambassador Mr. Pete Jarman and his charming wife invite 1200 guests to help them celebrate their national day.

Mrs. Jarman has special food "extras" sent from back home in the States. "Not to compete with Australian foods," she tells me. "We used lots of your local food, but, as the Fourth is our big day, I wanted the extra American tit-bits to make it just like our parties at home."

This is the first time the Jarman have celebrated the "Glorious Fourth" in Australia. They arrived here in September of last year.

Among "goodies" served are turkeys and baked hams, American cocktail sausages, tiny thin rolls made by Embassy chef with yeast sent from America, pimiento peppers ground with cheese and mixed with mayonnaise, and all highly seasoned.

NEW arrivals: A son, Peter Douglas, for Dr. and Mrs. John Campbell, of Singleton . . . a son, David Peter, for Mr. and Mrs. Syd Steindl, of Tamworth. Mrs. Steindl was formerly Helen Armstrong, of Ghooli, Gunnedah . . . a son, Stephen Robert, for Mary and Bill Armstrong, of Cessnock. Mary is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Ross, of Jellambi, Harden.



ATTRACTIVE BRIDE. Mrs. Paddy Griffin and her husband at reception held at home of bride's mother, Mrs. P. J. N. Hogan, Double Bay, after marriage at St. Michael's, Moore Park. Bride formerly Mrs. Nancy Hughes. Bridegroom is son of Mrs. W. J. Griffin, of Elizabeth Bay.



BARRISTER WEDS. Paul Toose and his bride, formerly Margaret Henderson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle Henderson, of "Uloola," Armidale, leave St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, by car for reception at Pickwick Club. Paul is son of Acting-Judge S. V. Toose.

ATTENDANCE at two weddings in a week entails much travelling for Armidale's Beau Richardson. He drives to Rockhampton for Mac Nathan's wedding with Sheila MacKellar, but on return journey has to leave car at Brisbane, because of northern floods, and fly to Sydney to be usher at Margaret Henderson's wedding to Paul Toose. He then flies back to Brisbane to collect car for drive home. Other Armidale folk who brave flood waters to get to Sydney for Toose wedding include the Norman Strelitzs, Des Byrnes, Charles Todds, Ron Vickers, and Arthur Habison and daughter Alison.

CABLE just received by Mrs. Byron Beams from her daughter Margaret carries wonderful news that her grandson Anthony Hodson has won a scholarship to Eton. Anthony, who is thirteen, will join his brother Nicholas at school in September. Incidentally, Nicholas is also the holder of a scholarship to the same school.

The boys' father, Mr. Harry Hodson, is now editor of the "Sunday Times," and the family are living in a beautiful old house in Tite Street.

On the upper floor of the house is a self-contained flat, which will be shared by Mrs. Byron Beams and her sister, Miss E. Y. Houghton, when they arrive in England later on in the year.

DELIGHTED with falls of snow at Kosciusko, hear that the Chalet has gay crowd. One of youngest members to attend snow sports is five-year-old Claudia Polya, who came with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Polya, who are teaching her how to ski. Mrs. Polya, formerly Lucile Jansen, is the daughter of Mr. Felix Jansen, Belgian Ambassador in Canberra, who recently presented his credentials to the Governor-General, Mr. McKell.

LONDON letter. Beth and Jill Campbell busy furnishing lovely flat in Curzon Street. Girls have attractive color scheme of grey carpets, gold and white wallpaper, and gold curtains . . . Actress Vivien Leigh's little Durham cottage is looking enchanting, I hear. It is white with blue-green shutters, with a yellow front door and high yellow gate. At present it is gay with wisteria and window-boxes full of cinerarias.

CONDOBOLIN couple George and Margaret Sanderson are spending honeymoon at Southport. Bride formerly Margaret Wheatley, of Mulgutherie, Oorihla, and will live a few miles from Mulgutherie, where George has just built new home.

Anne

Wedding Belles will Wring



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'BOROFAX'
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A BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. PRODUCT

The Little Princesses

By their governess, MARION CRAWFORD

PART XIII

AT FIRST it was not certain where Lilibet and Philip would live. One day, Lilibet came to me and said, "Grannie is so sweet. She said to me, 'When I die, Lilibet, you will have Marlborough House.' But oh, dear, we don't at all want grannie to die. We hope she will be here for a very long time, and we must have a London house before that."

Later, I heard Clarence House had been chosen for them. I don't think they much liked the idea. Clarence House "as it then was" was quite ghastly.

Like so much of the Royal property, it was gloomy and in had need of cleaning up, and replete with every labor-making device! But it was near Buckingham Palace, and quite centrally located.

Once again, the young couple were handicapped by having too much.

It is very difficult to fit in wedding presents when there are enough of them to fill a museum, and not everything just what one would personally have chosen. Yet they must be used up.

I think the young couple never took as much interest in Clarence House as they did in planning and arranging their country home, Sunninghill Park, near Ascot.

All the Princess' happiest times after the 145 Piccadilly days had been spent in the country, either at Royal Lodge, Windsor, or up in Scotland.

They hoped to carry on the same tradition and make the same atmosphere in their own home.

They had been there together, planning and arranging the house, thrilled with their new home at Sunninghill Park.

In the middle of their honeymoon, they got the news that the place had been burned down. This was a grief and disappointment that must have cast a shadow over Lilibet's happiness.

A number of homeless families had been squatting in the disused army camp in the grounds.

There was a suggestion that perhaps they had been responsible.

It must always be hard for the homeless to see other people making themselves homes.

No one ever knew, but I think Lilibet was very deeply hurt over it.

Windsor Manor, a nice, comfortable, medium-sized house, was next chosen for them by the King.

It has lovely gardens, and is conveniently near to both Windsor and London.

This is the young people's real home where they can choose their own way of life and furnish to suit themselves.

Official residences are always official residences, and rarely feel like home.

We, who loved Lilibet, looked forward to the time when she would have an establishment of her own.

Buckingham Palace is not the place for a newly married pair to live in.

Besides, young people, no matter what their circumstances, are better off, once married, away from their parents.

Lilibet continued her childhood's habit, and always went down to the Queen to ask, "Shall I do this?" or "Do you approve of that?" which was very natural.

I spoke to Lilibet about this. I said, "You must learn to stand on your own feet now. I found that my mother was a little difficult when I got married, and I am much older than you."

"Nothing is quite the same. You now have to live your husband's life. You can't go back to your mother every two minutes to ask whether she approves of this or that, or what you had best do."

She said, "Crawbie, it's so difficult. We have always done that."

I said, "What do you think your husband's feelings are? Consider his feelings. He must be absolutely furious. You are hurting him in doing this, and you can't go on doing it."

Gradually, she became more self-reliant, and in this her husband has been a great help to her.

I think he has brought her more into touch with the outside world, and a more natural and unconventional life than court life can ever be.

People at Broadlands, where they spent the first part of their honeymoon, still talk of a bright blue jeep that tore through the town one day (no doubt a lot too fast).

In it sat a girl, bareheaded with blowing hair, and a young man in an open-necked shirt. Both singing!

When Lilibet and her husband came back from their honeymoon they had a suite in the palace temporarily until their own house was ready for them.

Philip had a job at the Admiralty and went off to work every morning just like any other young husband, often walking down the Mall to the office.

Both Lilibet and Margaret found this enchanting. Around 4.30 in the afternoon, Lilibet would stand looking out of the window, waiting, if not exactly to hear the gate click, to see the tall, lean figure coming past the fountain in the centre of

HOW the Royal Family settled into their normal routine again after the excitement of the marriage of Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh was told by Marion Crawford in last week's instalment of *The Little Princesses*. The one to notice the change most was the younger Princess, Margaret. She badly missed her elder sister, who had till now been her constant companion and adviser. A new life began for Margaret filled with official engagements and parties, and very little time for study, but she was lonely in the midst of it all.

the road outside the palace, or to see his small sports car turn in at the palace gates.

It was rather charming to see the way Margaret adapted herself to this new state of affairs, and treated with deference the sister she had teased and mimicked.

As though for the first time, she realised that here was not only the ever kindly Lilibet, who had, like everyone else, been inclined to spoil her and give in to her, but the future Queen of England.

My little cottage had now been done up and was quite delightful, but it still had a very odd antiquated boiler.

From time to time, the temperature would rise suddenly and inexplicably, and the water boil so furiously that I lived in constant terror it would burst.

I would hastily run the hot water off, and then, unwilling to waste so much, I used to have a bath.

Sometimes at unusual hours, all depending on the mood of this boiler.



HAPPILY SMILING, Princess Elizabeth (left) with Princess Margaret attends one of her last public engagements before the birth of her first child, Prince Charles. In the background is the Duchess of Kent.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 15, 1950



ONE evening, just as I had finished this performance, the door-bell rang.

In a dressing-gown and bath cap, I went to see who my caller was, and found Philip and Lilibet on the doorstep.

They looked at me in utter astonishment, and Lilibet said: "What on earth are you doing, Crawfie? We came to pay you our official call."

I explained the situation. Philip went to have a look at my temperamental hot-water system, with a sailor's interest in curious mechanical gadgets.

They went all over my little house with me, looked in cupboards, and took a very great interest in it all.

Then they both sat on my kitchen table and talked to me while I prepared my solitary supper. My husband was at that time in hospital.

Margaret had measles. She had a severe attack and had to stay in bed for some time.

She had a night nurse and a day nurse who were sisters with the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children.

They came to look after her in fear and trembling, remembering current rumors and gossip, and thinking they would have a naughty little patient to nurse.

They found instead this delightful child, who, like any other sick child, depended solely on kindness.

They greatly enjoyed their month or six weeks with her. When the war better she used to go in when they were having their supper, or they would come in to bed, and she would teach them to dance the Scottish reels.

After I was settled, she rang up one day to say, "Crawfie, I would like you to have the two sisters to Nottingham Cottage for tea, and I shall come and have tea with them."

I arranged it, and the sisters came. Princess Margaret arrived soon after, and we had the merriest of tea-parties.

She went over all the jokes they had had together, and was completely charming.

Hardly had Lilibet and Philip returned to London than the journalistic speculations began. Was Lilibet or was she not going to have a baby?

I knew it was her dearest wish, and that she hoped to be a mother before her first wedding anniversary, but it was not a subject she cared to have the whole world speculating on.

There are personal and sacred matters which everyone save royal princesses can keep to themselves.

"Probably we shall read about it

WINDLESHAM MANOR, country home of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, which both regard as their real home, where they can choose their own way of life and own background.

in the papers before we really know ourselves," Lilibet said dryly, but rather sadly.

Then one day Lilibet came to my room and told me: "I think I am going to have a baby, Crawfie." She was frightfully pleased. That was the thing she wanted most.

I said, "Do you remember when you were small you said you would have lots of babies, two girls and two boys?"

The newspapers got hold of the news almost at once. They even guessed at the date of the birth, usually quite wrong.

No one knows just how it is these things leak out.

There must be some form of jungle or bush telegraph that operates in the palace and has not yet been discovered.

Once again, Lilibet's correspondence grew in volume, letters from kindly people giving her good advice on how to manage her pregnancy, and many an old wife divulged to her the magic spells by which she might know in advance whether she would have a son or a daughter.

Margaret in those months was touchingly solicitous for her sister. Long before the time came for Lilibet to have her feet up, or need cushions at her back, Margaret was around after her, taking care of her.

"Lilibet, you really mustn't run with the dogs like that. Not now," she would reprove her.

Lilibet remained remarkably

Elizabeth wanted a baby

strong and active the whole time. She has really wonderful health. Not very long before her baby came, Lady Hyde told me, laughing, how one morning she was on her way to see the Queen and saw Lilibet in the corridor ahead of her.

Lilibet looked round, and obviously thinking, "I must get in first," she picked up her skirts and did a brisk sprint out of sight.

The coming of a baby brings the feeling of spring into the most gloomy household. Once again, everything was made new.

The old pram in which Alah had firmly penned Margaret for so long came back from its purdah. It was sent away to be done up. When it came back, Lilibet brought it down to my room one day when no one was about. The door opened and slowly she manoeuvred it in.

"Look, Crawfie, I'm getting my hand in."

Later, I saw Bobo, who had been Lilibet's nursemaid, having a turn with it, no doubt reviving memories of old days. The cot and the baby's basket appeared. These are more or less heirlooms and are refurbished again and again.

The Royal Family do not observe the old tradition of pink and blue.

IN next week's fourteenth and final instalment of the intimate story of the Little Princesses, Marion Crawford, governess for 16 years to Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, tells of Elizabeth's last visit to her before the birth of her baby.

She also recounts the sadness cast upon the happy event by the illness of the King, which led to the cancellation of the Australian Royal tour. Margaret's laughing claim that her new title, "Charlie's Aunt," was probably her proudest is just one of the delightful anecdotes with which Miss Crawford concludes her story of the private life of England's Royal Family.

The cot and basket were done up in buttercup-yellow silk, with lace trimmings.

"Then no one can guess whether we want a boy or a girl," Lilibet explained. "Fancy a poor little girl turning up and finding a blue-for-a-boy cot waiting for her!"

Once again, presents began to arrive; and, once again, the old convention was given the go-by and Lilibet kept whatever was sent her.

Baby clothes from all over the world came from all manner of people. Shawls were knitted by the dozen. Piles of martine coats and booties mounted up. What Lilibet could not use were made up into lavettes for other young mothers.

A touching thing was the number of letters that came from German mothers who wrote, "From the depths of our hearts we share your happiness in this," and went on to tell how much they always admired the King and Queen of England and their children, and liked to have news of them.

These letters were all sent to the Foreign Office, and I think all of them were answered. Perhaps it is a good omen for England that the little Prince made those bonds of good feeling between one-time enemies, even before he was born.

Parcels of beautiful baby clothes came from America, and with them were always charming cards of greetings and pictures of storks to new babies and their mothers.

Queen Mary sent round a little note once again, begging Lilibet not to throw any of these away but to let her have them for her scrap-books.

Every Christmas, Her Majesty diligently rounds up all the family Christmas cards, and these are made up into books that delight the children in many a hospital ward.

To be concluded

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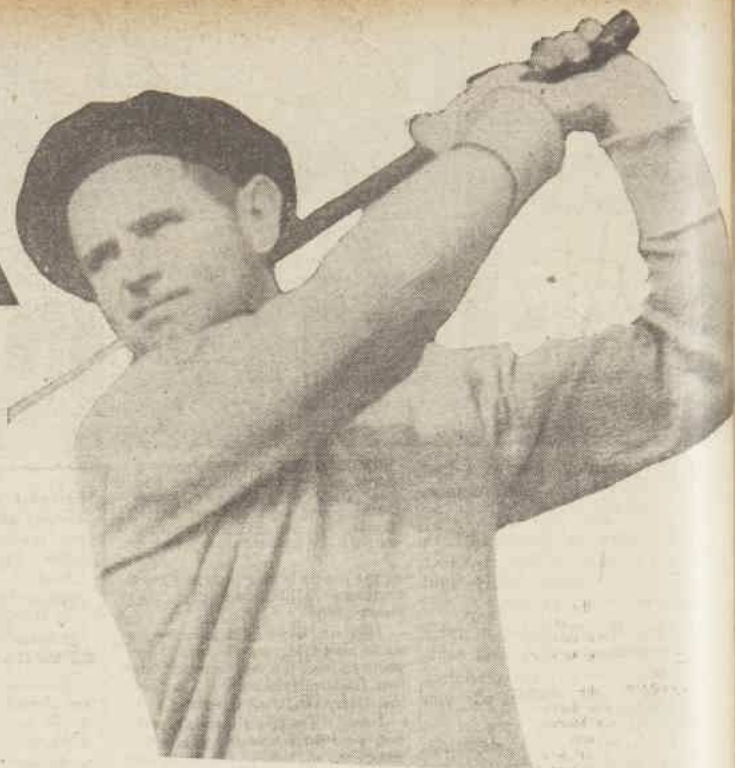
Every week a new jingle will be published in "The Australian Women's Weekly." The makers of "Dulux," the Miracle Synthetic Finish superseding enamels, will pay a £10 fee for what the judges consider the cleverest last line. Here is Jingle No. 2. Try your skill on the missing line.

No. 2 CHOOSE "DULUX" TONES TO SUIT YOUR ROOM—
SEE BRIGHTNESS REIGN INSTEAD OF GLOOM.
ITS LUSTRE LASTS, IT STANDS HARD-WEAR,
..... (Missing Line)

NOTE: Copy out these three lines and add your own last line, sending in the WHOLE FOUR LINES, with your name and address in block letters, on the same sheet.
The award for this jingle will be announced over 50 Radio Stations in "Jack Davy Star-maker," commencing August 2. Send your entry to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service not later than July 26, and listen for the weekly winner's name and the winning jingle on your local or nearest participating station from THAT DATE and afterwards weekly. Judges' decision will be final. The staffs and their families of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd. and associated companies are excluded from this competition.
Mark your envelope "Dulux Jingles" and mail to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service, Box 4290, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., by July 26.

VON NIDA

shows you all
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golf!



SUNDAY TELEGRAPH devotes entire 8 page rotogravure supplement to the VON'S OWN BIG MAGIC-EYE PICTURES

Full commentary accompanies each set of magic-eye pictures.

Says the VON—

In this supplement I've compiled a series of pictorial golfing lessons which should help you to better golf. I don't claim I can provide you with a magic method that will turn you from a 24 marker to a single-figure man overnight. That would be crazy.

What I do claim is that what I illustrate in this series is the result of years of intensive study.

Over the years I've had dozens of magic-eye camera pictures taken of my swing. The evidence of some of them was such that I hastened to the practice area to eradicate the faults they showed.

This series is the one I'm completely happy about. I didn't attempt to take them until I was satisfied I was hitting the ball as truly as I can. And I didn't hesitate to have shots re-taken when I thought there was any flaw in what I consider the good and safe way of hitting a golf ball efficiently.

Here they are—with some simple and short observations on each shot. I've kept them simple purposely because I think there are far too many attempts made to cloud the mechanics of a good golf swing. There's no black magic in it believe me.

The Sunday Telegraph releases the complete set of 32 pictures with Von's full commentary as a complete lift-out supplement—beautifully and clearly printed in rotogravure—in next Sunday's Telegraph.



THE LONG TEE SHOT

8 pictures

"Clubhead has gone right through after the ball and has taken the weight on to the left foot. From high position of backswing hands have gone to high position on follow through."



THE GRIP

3 pictures

Clearly illustrated close-ups—ordinary and putting grip. (Approx. size 3in. x 4in.)



THE PUTTER

"Let's finish it off." Von discusses grip, stance, general mistakes in short and long puts.



THE BUNKER

8 pictures

"Stop beating your brains about bunkers—they're one of the easiest shots in the game."

LONG IRONS

8 pictures

(Approx. size 4 1/2 in. x 2 1/2 in.)

MIDDLE IRONS

8 pictures

(4 1/2 in. deep)

SHORT IRONS

8 pictures

THE WEDGE

8 pictures

(4 1/2 in. deep)

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5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit... and establish your natural powers of regularity. 83% of the cases tested did it. So can you.

Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead—every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills. And week—once each night. 2nd week—once every other night. Then—nothing! Every day, drink eight glasses of water, set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Burdick—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or doctor.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 15, 1950



CANARY BREEDER Mr. F. W. Tunbridge schools a Yorkshire canary in the "five past seven" stance required by show judges.

Australian canaries sing for dollars

By FRED YOUNG, of our Adelaide office

Thousands of Australian golden-throated canaries and finches are being sent to New York in monthly consignments, and their sale adds to our stockpile of dollars.

The birds travel by air and there are few losses. Directions are supplied with the crates of songsters, and crews of the airliners are pleased to attend to their feathered passengers.

AN exporter who intends to develop still further this business is Mr. F. W. Tunbridge, of Linden Park, South Australia. He intends seeking markets in other countries, and one of his tasks in this connection is to sketch colored pictures of the birds he trades.

Thirty-five years ago he began to make canaries his hobby, and a magnificent array of cups, certificates, and trophies tells the story of his success at breeding show birds.

He is also well known as a judge. Preparations for exporting make such inroads into his leisure that he will be compelled to give up showing after this year. His stud of 25 valuable pairs, from which he has raised over 100 show birds a year, will be sold, and he will continue rearing birds for export only.

One pair of top-ranking birds is worth at least £10.

"I advise anyone who wants to breed show birds to start with only the best," he says.

Some of the birds Mr. Tunbridge exports he buys from other breeders. Others he breeds in his back garden, which on a sunny day rings with the music from massed choirs of thousands of warblers.

There is more in this canary business than meets the eye, as I discovered in a half-hour's chat with Mr. Tunbridge, for which his birds supplied the musical background.

The types shown at shows to-day are Yorkshire, which can grow to eight inches in length, Norwich (plain head, crest, or crest-bred), and Border Fancies.

In a lesser degree, training a bird for exhibition is analogous to teaching a hunting dog to point. This applies particularly to the long, sleek Yorkshire, which must stand with head and tail pointing to "five to five" o'clock or "five past seven."

The canary must stand still or the judge won't bother with him.

The Norwich is a thicker bird, with stance at "ten past eight" or "ten to four." His countenances don't show correctly unless he moves, so he is given a two-perch cage.

The bird must be taught to run

in and out of the show cage. This is done by clamping the smaller cage to the aviary and leaving the door open.

Birds must be handled as little as possible to prevent damaging the feathers and frightening them.

Canaries are easily cowed by angry words, and they recognise harsh tones.

Yorkshires are taught to hold their heads up by a sort of mesmeric hand manipulation outside the cage, at which Mr. Tunbridge seemed particularly adept, I thought.

Just before a show the birds have a bath in warm, soft, soapy water, followed by a blue rinse to intensify white or colors. Some of Mr. Tunbridge's canaries are snow-white, others deep orange or cinnamon, and there are many varieties and variations in between.

The progenitor of the canary was a smallish green bird which inhabited the Canary Islands and Madeira. It was not until the 16th century that it was first taken to Italy and domesticated.

Some European breeders put their young canaries near a nightingale or lark so that they would imitate their song, and young canaries have been known to learn to articulate words.

They are great mimics, Mr. Tunbridge says. He has known young ones put near talking parrots, to imitate the "sweet pretty cocky" and then when their own song develops to incorporate those notes into it.

"My birds," he says, "sing in a certain key, and I notice a great difference when I visit other breeders and hear their birds sing. They copy from each other, and any young bird put into an aviary will soon lose little tricks of song he may have learned earlier."

Canaries recognise property rights... each has his own spot for perching at night. They like to choose their own mates, too, and the boy with the most luscious voice is the one chosen by the lady.

Generally the first love is the last love with canaries. And if for commercial purposes a gentleman has several wives, the first remains the true love.

Which seems the right note on which to end a discourse on canaries.



On everybody's lips!

THE FINISHING TOUCH that makes a lovely lady lovelier, is the smooth, clear-cut finish of Lournay Lipstick. Its new, improved creamy texture is satin-smooth and truly indelible. Any of the eight glorious shades will dramatize the curves of your lips and point a highlight to the charm of your smile.

Lournay

LIPSTICK & ROUGE

Lipstick, 6/-; Refills, 3/9; Compact & Creme Rouge, 3/9.



Lournay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia.

Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of leading Department Stores

LB/149A



They didn't mean to be rude... It made me realise how unattractive my appearance was: it made me think...

THEN, I saw the New Redutex advertisement, which offered me a slimmer figure within 10 days. It seemed too good to believe, but I filled in the Coupon and received the Free Trial Offer.

WRITE YOUR NAME CLEARLY

THIS COUPON IS VALUABLE Mail it Today!

TO-DAY my friends still talk about my appearance but their conversation thrills me now; they are amazed at the improvement in my figure which was brought about without drugs, strenuous exercises or dieting, and in so short a time. You, too, can reduce Waist, Hips and Thighs without risking one penny.

TO-DAY you can take the first step toward a slimmer figure. Mail the Coupon and receive your Free Trial Offer.

It won't cost you one penny to prove the New Redutex method will reduce your measurements.

REDUTEX COMPANY
Desk E, 164 Pitt St., Sydney
Please send me under plain cover the Free Trial offer of your new Redutex Method.

Name _____
BLOCK LETTERS
Address _____

REDUTEX COMPANY (DESK E), 164 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

SOMEONE ISN'T USING NEW PERSIL YET!

[Is that 'someone' you?]



Sooner or later you're bound
to come round to NEW PERSIL
for ..

WHITEST WHITES

BRIGHTEST COLOURS



Read what Mrs. P. Crowe of 6 Rose Street, Leichhardt, has to say: "Recently I changed to New Persil and I'm really pleased at the difference it made to my white things from the first time I used it. Of course I'd heard of Persil's whiteness, but I never believed that my white things could be so white and clean as they are now."

"I reckon, New Persil's just as good for my colours and fine things, too." Mrs. Crowe continues, "I've noticed that my coloured frocks and blouses are brighter than they were before I started using New Persil and it's ever so gentle to the fine materials." (Actual letter on file).

And the secret? The secret is the blend of pure soap and oxygen in New Persil's oxygen-charged suds. Ordinary suds loosen surface dirt, leaving deep dirt in the weave to discolour clothes. But New Persil's oxygen-charged suds bubble through the weave floating out every last scrap of dirt with the utmost gentleness. Only New Persil has this special blend of pure soap and oxygen which works so thoroughly yet is so safe for clothes and hands alike. Persil whiteness — Persil brightness — is cleanliness.



**NEW PERSIL GIVES
EXTRA CLEANNESS — EXTRA GENTLY**

P.25.VVW142

JENNY LIND ...

Continued from page 18

THOUGH Wall Street told Barnum that his contract with Jenny Lind would beggar him, the shrewd showman disregarded all advice and imported Jenny on a contract which allowed her 1000 dollars for each concert, himself 5500 dollars for expenses and services, with the balance to be equally divided between the two of them.

The contract called for 100 concerts, and Jenny had a clause inserted which gave her the right to give charitable concerts whenever she thought proper.

Barnum, incidentally, had never heard Jenny sing, but offered her the fabulous contract on her reputation!

He proved the Wall Street advisers wrong. The 93 concerts she gave for him, before she terminated their agreement by paying him 32,000 dollars, were tremendous financial successes. Total receipts amounted to 700,000 dollars, of which her share was 175,000 dollars.

She received 10,000 dollars as her share of her first concert, and promptly gave the money to the poor.

Barnum's ballyhoo and advance publicity for Jenny was terrific, and just as sensational as the kind used when he imported one of his famous curiosities.

One newspaperman wrote that while Jenny Lind may not be a "Jumbo," Barnum certainly had in her a "whale" of an attraction.

Another rhymed:

"So Jenny, come along! You're just the card for me,
And quit these kings and queens, for the Country of the Free;
They'll welcome you with speeches and serenades and rockets,
And you will touch their hearts and I will tap their pockets;
And if between us both the public is not skinned,
Why my name isn't Barnum nor your name Jenny Lind."

Twelve months after her arrival in America, Jenny electrified the Press in that country by quietly marrying her accompanist, Otto Goldschmidt, a member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music, and a quiet, unassuming and gifted musician. She was 32 and he was nearly 10 years younger.

After ending her contract with Barnum she gave successful concerts under her own management, and returned to Europe with her husband in 1852. They lived in Dresden for three years and then moved to England.

For a while she continued public singing, but as children were born she appeared with less frequency, and finally left the stage forever.

It was typical of her that her last

A LIVELY account of Jenny Lind is given in "They All Had Glamour," by Edward B. Marks. A biography of her was written by her daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude, and her story is told also under the title of "Memoir of Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, Her Early Life, Art, and Dramatic Career."

concert was given for the Railway Servants' Benevolent Fund.

She had an almost quixotic generosity, frequently giving away what she really needed herself.

She once sang for a whole afternoon in the cottage of a poor, bed-ridden mechanic, and in another cottage she sang for two hours to a blind old lady of 80.

When she saw an old woman walking back and forth in front of an almshouse at Bath and learned that the poor woman's one great desire was to hear Jenny Lind sing she sang specially for her.

Jenny Lind was not beautiful. Her features were strong and homely, with a strangely expressive mouth, grey-blue eyes, and fine, near-blond hair. Her figure was good, and her carriage and personal charm were her two best assets, next to her voice.

She was "gentle, sweet, simple, and deeply religious."

Critics have said that there were other voices as good as Jenny's. The undisputed success of Jenny's voice, it has been claimed, was due to the innate sense of beauty which "illuminated her face, put magic into her voice, and won her audience instantly."

In England the Goldschmids lived mainly at their villa, Wynds Point, Malvern Wells.

Her last public appearance was in her husband's oratorio, "Ruth," at Düsseldorf, in 1870. In 1883, at the request of King Edward, then still Prince of Wales, she accepted the post of first Professor of Singing in the Royal College of Music, then being inaugurated in South Kensington.

But her health was not good, and after teaching for three years she settled at Malvern Wells, with her family, for the last months of her life. She died at Malvern on November 2, 1887.

Schumann said that the way Jenny sang his songs made him "feel warm in his back," and it was with several bars of his Sommerschein that she greeted the sunshine which came into her room on the last morning of her life.



Special Offer!

**KRAFT
FISH PASTES**



Now 3 for 1/1
or 4½d. per 1 oz. tin

Six Savoury Varieties

HERRING and TOMATO
LOBSTER

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LOBSTER and TOMATO

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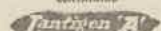
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**COUGHS
COLDS**

**SOON GO
WHEN YOU TAKE
EDINBURGH**

COUGH MIXTURE

CONTAINING



Anti-Cold Oral Vaccine!

To the finest therapeutic cough lozenges, containing proven germicidal ingredients, has been added famous Lantigen 'A' anti-cold Dissolved Oral Vaccine.

DOUBLE BENEFIT

1. The soothing, healing action of the finest therapeutic cough lozenges gives instant relief and faster complete recovery.
2. In addition, the Lantigen 'A' anti-cold vaccine clears away germ attack... helps to build up natural resistance to further infection.

Finest
Cough
Lozenges

Lantigen 'A'
anti-cold
Oral Vaccine

plus

EDINBURGH
COUGH MIXTURE

From Chemists only

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney.





"If that librarian wasn't sitting there I'd catch up with you, wise guy!"



"Did you make any five-shilling call to Oakmont?"

It seems to me . . .

WHEN this issue went to press the cloud in the East looked a good deal bigger than a man's hand.

It is only eleven years since the chilling realisation that nothing could avert the second world war. It is only five years since that hysterical morning when the end of the Pacific War was announced.

Somebody once put forward the theory that there'd be war with every fresh generation, as each preceding generation forgot what war really was.

It seemed a dismal thought when I first read it, before World War II. At the moment it seems positively optimistic.



Dorothy Drain

WHILE it's rather shocking to learn that the Aga Khan used to telephone a restaurant in Paris, order a special soufflé for six people, and eat it all himself, it does remind one that there was a time in all our lives when we'd have liked to do the same thing.

The real trouble with the Aga Khan is that he's at least 60 years too old for that sort of behaviour.

But the story caused a welter of reminiscence. A colleague, toying half-heartedly with a lecture salad, said it made her think back on the days when she could buy enough ha'penny lollysticks for sixpence to make herself quite ill.

I remembered—just as I was about to deliver a harsh judgment on the old gentleman—that there was a time when the superlative joy of life was to be given a shilling to spend on a "special sundae" (immense they were then). It wasn't the shilling so much as the instruction to spend it all on yourself at one hit. I have never ceased to be grateful to the aunt who realised that otherwise one's conscience would have nagged one to share the good luck and buy someone else an ice-cream soda.

AN American scientist visiting Australia is engaged on a world-wide survey to determine the exact shape of the earth.

About time, too. It's in pretty bad shape if you ask me.

THE fashion expert for a Hollywood film studio says that any girl can be glamorous if her best features are revealed as carefully as the worst ones are covered.

Tactlessly, she remarks that Mohammedan women cover their faces. We'll ignore that, and go on to her analysis of the stars' best points. Anne Baxter, she says, has the best elbows in Hollywood.

Miss Baxter is easy on the eyes, but even she may find it annoying to have her elbows singled out for comment. There are, of course, elbows and elbows. An elbow can look very crook indeed, if it's reddened or extra bony. But not even the nicest elbow would "send" anybody, in my opinion, if it were unaccompanied by at least pleasant knees and passable eyebrows.

Hands, yes. They can be waved about, decorated with rings and brilliant nailpolish. But about the only thing you can do with an elbow, apart from pushing it into someone's ribs in a bus queue, is to display it defiantly on a dinner table.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 15, 1950

NOW, while the broadcast voices from Canberra are temporarily stilled during the winter recess, is as good a time as any to reflect on the news that two Argentine politicians recently fought a duel because one called another a "traitor."

You may, of course, be an old world type who thinks that duelling is better, but I much prefer our system where one calls another a name (duly broadcast and reported) and then makes an unqualified withdrawal. This enables members to call each other names, but averts bloodshed.

Incidentally, anyone who thinks that we have a monopoly of pandemonium in the Australian Parliaments should think again. I enjoyed recently the account of proceedings in the Canadian Parliament when a member was reprimanded for playing a flute during a division.

And one can always re-read the account of how Diarrhoe's maiden speech in the British House of Commons was continuously interrupted by roars of derisive laughter, catcalls, and hisses—surely one of the most mortifying receptions ever given to any speaker.

A COLLEAGUE, worried by her increasing measurements, is alternately inspired and depressed by news items concerning weight.

She lost faith in exercise after reading that she would have to walk 70 miles briskly to lose a pound.

She retired into a contemplative frame of mind for some days after learning the theory that people put on weight because they are unhappy about love or their jobs and turn to food as compensation.

She studies with avid interest every new diet chart. Now she feels that all the advice she ever sought has been anticipated in the back pages of an old-fashioned cookery book at her home.

After hundreds of pages of alluring recipes she found, in a section of household hints, the crisp statement: "To lose weight: Eat a little less of everything."

THE Town Planning Association in Sydney proposes to call a public meeting to demand that the G.P.O. tower and clock, removed in wartime, be restored.

Five to nine, said the post office clock, you're late, you're late, you're late;

And ten to one, said the post office clock, remember your luncheon date;

And five p.m., said the post office clock, and now not long to wait,

The slaves are free, three hours to go, you said you'd meet him at eight;

Around us swirl the dangerous years and the planets move round the sun,

And time is immensity, time is eternity, time and space are one;

Time is the enemy, time is the essence, time, gentlemen, please!

But the centuries drop like falling leaves; oh, let us not think of those.

Give us our clock, the citizens cried, with the measure of time we know,

The friendly hours and the minutes ticked off, and neither fast nor slow,

For this is the time we can comprehend, that helps us to keep at bay

Eternity and infinity, and forever and a day.

"I'm the king of the castle"



"My youngster says that, as she leaps on a sand-castle, just as I used to do myself. Today, however, I KNOW I'm king of the castle. Our home's our own, and our future's secure . . . thanks to Life Assurance, which alone provides at the one time protection for today and saving for the future."

Three million other Australian policyholders share the feelings of Mr. Terry of Rose Bay. Because of healthy competition, our free and independent Life Assurance Offices provide maximum benefit

at minimum cost, and by investing policyholders' savings in works of national importance, they lend a helping hand to Australia's development, bringing benefits to every man, woman and child.



OUR FREE AND INDEPENDENT

LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES

BENEFIT EVERY AUSTRALIAN

ISSUED BY THE LEADING LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES IN AUSTRALIA

W/190



... YOUR CAT CANNOT TELL YOU when he's feeling out of sorts. That's why more and more people give their cats one 'Tibs' every day. Make your cat a 'Tibs' cat from now on! You'll soon notice the difference—in his sparkling eyes, his gleaming coat, and his pretty, playful ways.

TIBS

"TIBS CAT POWWERS". A Bob Martin Product. Australian Agents: BALMOR & SPRAGGS (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 1 York Street, Sydney.



Carefree and confident



You're so utterly sure of yourself . . . wonderfully carefree and confident . . . once you discover Kotex. Comfortable Kotex is made in soft folds that actually stay soft. It's designed to protect you, too, with its exclusive "safety centre" that gives you an extra margin of protection. And who can appreciate better than you those flat pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines? Yes, you can depend upon comfort . . .

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Back again —
Quest Deodorant Powder—3/-

Make the most of Kotex comfort

. . . by choosing a washable, adjustable, all-elastic Kotex Belt Wonderform Belt . . . pinless type with unbreakable tabs . . . 2/6. Wonderform Belt with safety pins, 2/6. Featherweight Belt, 1/3.

C9-220



"They're well worn . . .
... but they're worn well!"

—thanks to

KIWI
BLACK

BLACK • TAN • DARK TAN • MID-TAN • BROWN • HAMBURG
OX BLOOD • BLUE • TRANSPARENT DRESSING



1010

Brilliant young designer...

Alwynn Camble is rival
of Dior and Fath in Paris



ALLIANCE, afternoon suit in two shades of grey, in Alwynn Camble's latest collection.

Watch the progress of fair-haired 24-year-old Alwynn Camble, son of an English father and French mother, who has just opened a small fashion house in Rue du Faubourg St. Honore, Paris.

PARIS society women are already saying that his collection of clothes is as much of a "must" as the famous collection of Christian Dior or Jacques Fath.

You will see in his small salon—which is really a converted three-room apartment with kitchen—nearly as many countesses and film stars as you will see in the larger, more elegant, and better known Paris dress-houses.

Alwynn is Paris' new fashion star. His method of making dresses is as new as his fame. He calls himself a "creative anarchist." He can only work in disorder.

He designs his models and cuts his dresses kneeling on the floor.

When I saw him, he was kneeling before a plaster bust of Dorothy Lamour, sent from Hollywood. The film star sent him the bust by plane, told him to go ahead with his own ideas and send her six dresses by air as soon as possible.

In the salon at the same time was a plaster cast of the hand of film star Joan Bennett. For her, Alwynn is designing gloves.

Alwynn can't work unless he is working to his own unprepared plan. He improvises as he goes along.

When he left school he wanted to be a commercial artist, but his teacher, Paul Colin, eminent Paris poster designer, told him: "You have talent, but it seems to me that you want to clothe your figures in spaghetti."

Alwynn wasn't very encouraged by

From
ROLAND
PULLEN
in Paris

AT RIGHT: Alwynn Camble, new Parisian designer. His prices at first were a sixth of the prices asked by established designers.



PEARLS sewn at regular intervals hold upturned tucks in place on this white crepe frock by Alwynn Camble.

this criticism, and decided to become a fashion designer. He worked in the fashion salon of Jacques Fath.

Fath wasn't very encouraging, either. Said Fath of Alwynn's ideas of design:

"Women don't want to be dressed in iron wire. Change your ideas or you will never succeed at dress designing."

Working at home in his Montmartre studio, Alwynn set himself to the idea of designing gloves for Hermes, one of Paris' very chic makers of women's fashion accessories.

Hermes ordered a whole collection of Alwynn's gloves when they had seen half a dozen pairs.

At a cocktail party he met Bob Bugnard, a young man of the same age, who shared his ideas on fashion designing. They decided to go into business together.

They borrowed £100 sterling and took a modest apartment which they turned into a salon on the outskirts of Paris.

They had only enough money to put two classified advertisements in an evening paper to announce the launching of their dress house.

They sold their first dresses for £7 sterling each. A friend of Martine Carol, French film actress, bought one and wore it to the premiere of Jean Paul Sartre's "Mains Sales." Next day Martine herself took a taxi to Alwynn's suburban salon and bought three models for herself—at £7 each.

Soon countesses and film stars were tumbling over each other, one fashion writer says, to get priority in orders from Alwynn.

In a few months, he decided that the suburban salon was too small and too distant for his fashionable clients, and last summer he moved into the heart of the Paris fashion world.

There he launched his first important dress collection. He went back to 1925 for inspiration, and called his dresses after films of that period: "Princess Orla" (Marlene Dietrich's first film), "Le Spectre de la Forêt," "Les Espions," "Le Vampire," "Metropolis."

Before designing the collection he went every morning for three weeks to see revivals of these old films.

There were 52 models in the collection, but he could afford to employ only three mannequins to show them.

The highlight of the collection, "Une femme dans la lune," was sold 32 times in eight days.

Now he has four mannequins, including the beautiful Greek girl, Foulie, whom Parisians call "the Dalmatian goddess."

Alwynn employs 75 people in his house compared with Fath and Dior, who employ 800 each. Fath and Dior have 18 mannequins.

Alwynn's output of dresses a month is only 200, compared with Dior, Fath, and Rochas, 1800 each.

OUR COVER

FEATURED on our cover this week is artist Rene's interpretation of Marcel Rochas' lovely taffeta evening frock, which introduces a dramatic frill over one shoulder, leaving the other bare, and encircled with a cluster of yellow roses. The hip-line follows the same line.



Taste

these big whole almonds coated with rich milk chocolate!



They look different in their charming orange and black box—gay with almond blossom—and they are different—Mac Robertson's Scorched Almonds.

Scorched Almonds



Taste

this delicious assortment of 12 fine-quality chocolates!



The only chocolate block with these four centres—Strawberry Cream, Cream Caramel, Fruit Sundae and Turkish Delight.

"Snack"



Taste

their creamy caramel, fresh peppermint flavour!



Here's a delicious flavour combination... a "chevy" peppermint centre with a rich caramel coating. Look for the blue and white box with the Chinese Willow pattern.

Willow Mints



All made by

MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery

AND even as I write this I've got it. Since we can't get her to Hollywood I will bring Hollywood to her. Okay, I will direct. Meaning that first thing in the morning I will take the little journey in the jitney plane down to civilisation, buy a home movie camera and several miles of film, and proceed to give her a screen test right here on the spot.

Don't give it another thought. Judy's screen test is practically there.

Relieved regards,
George.

Timothy Poindexter

30-30 Lodge Moosejaw Minn
Oh no not you too. Project as outlined of no possible benefit. Curtail vacation immediately and phone me from Minneapolis.

Dick.

Richard L. Reed

5400 Marathon Hollywood Calif
Couldn't possibly leave now. Just finished fourth reel of Moosejaw Minstrels. Never had so much fun in my life. Never knew that this end of business was so simple.

Timothy.

Timothy Poindexter

30-30 Lodge Moosejaw Minn
Sorry to bother you while you're composing but thought you might like to know that I also am a composer. At very moment for instance composing wonderfully interesting wire to Mrs. Paul Bunyan. Best regards.

Dick.

Richard L. Reed

5400 Marathon Hollywood Calif
Oh no. Airmail letter explaining all follows immediately. Swimming to Minneapolis to mail it.

Timothy.

30-30 Lodge,
Moosejaw, Minnesota
August 26,

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Hollywood, California.

Dear Mr. Reed, Sir:

Don't joke like that. Your lovable sense of humor could lead you into making a terrific error with this woman.

Now, Richard, relax. My whole picture won't cost over three hundred dollars, including the camera.

Actually, if what I shot comes out, I've got some sort of funny stuff in this thing. I've been kidding Minnie along, and she's co-operating like a Yellowstone bear. I've got one sequence of her in a sinking canoe that's the funniest thing you ever saw.

In fact, so far there is only one difficulty with the production. I haven't been able to get Judy into it. She's right here, but every time I suggest getting her into a scene, preferably in a bathing suit, Minnie says, "Naw, boy, have your fun, but leave the gal out of it."

But don't you worry.

As Ever,
George.

P.S.—There's one small detail I probably should tell you.

During that first interview I had with Minnie in the general store she didn't seem to be quite believing that I was in the hardware business, so for no other reason than to save my life I added that one of my oldest hardware customers was Mr. Nate Bender, the noted plumbing supply man from Toledo, who was one of Lud's best clients.

And it doesn't matter, because it can't possibly hurt Nate. But if you should lose your mind and upset this appreciat, Nate might get a poor welcome here come deer season. Which would no doubt make him angry.

Timothy Poindexter

30-30 Lodge Moosejaw Minn
Leaving by plane at four this afternoon for Moosejaw. Would suggest that you be in Brazil.

Richard L. Reed.

Richard L. Reed
Federal Pictures Hollywood
Calif

Please be advised that at approximately eleven am central standard

Continued from page 4

time entire northern end of Minnesota exploded. Had to leave Moosejaw in rather a hurry. But I got the pictures. Sending film and full explanation as soon as can get it written. Think no harsh thoughts till you hear from me.

George.

Hotel Sheridan
Minneapolis, Minnesota
August 29.

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California
Dear Dick:

Well, here's the film. I trust that the laboratory can get it ready for your mighty gaze. All I ask is that you don't rip off my chevrons until you've at least had a look at it.

Getting Judy in it took a fairly desperate manoeuvre. Minnie sticks to that girl like adhesive tape to a dog. But I have found that if you build a big enough hoop anybody will jump through it.

This morning I came strolling out of my room, camera in hand, and casually suggested that since it was such a nice day why didn't Judy and I pack a lunch and row down to the little bathing beach for a picnic.

Minnie gave me a look that would have unlocked a safe.

"You ain't plannin' to take any pictures, I suppose," she said.

"Why, no," I said. "As a matter of fact I wish you'd take care of my camera for me while we're gone, as I do not want any harm to befall it."

And I handed it over.

Well, not exactly. The truth of the matter is that when I had flown down to buy the camera I was so surprised at how small they were that I had taken two. Actually, I was worried about the thing jamming up there in the wilderness, so I took an extra one along with the privilege of returning it if I didn't use it.

It was this extra, or decoy, camera which I had finally had sense enough to use to trap Minnie. My regular camera was right in my little kitbag with my sweater, my sunglasses, and my bottle of citronella oil.

"Well, Judy," I said, "let us be off. We don't want to miss any of this good sunshine. Eh, Minnie?"

"Okay," she said, slapping the camera in a drawer and cracking it shut.

And off we rowed to the picnic grounds. It was not until later, just when Judy was coming out of the water after a swim, that I looked in my kitbag for my sunglasses, and discovered my camera there.

"Why, here is my camera," I cried. "I evidently forgot to leave it."

"If there happens to be some film in it I can take some shots of you for my home collection, and your dear mother acedn't know anything about it."

"Why, yes," said Judy. "As a matter of fact I have felt a little left out."

I was just finishing the reel, when I paused.

"Do you hear a noise?" I said.

"Why, yes," she said. "I do hear a noise."

At first it was merely a vibration, a sort of disturbance in the earth. Gradually it grew into a tremendous crashing. And then through the underbrush, ripping and tearing, came Minnie, our letters and telegrams in one hand and a four-by-two in the other.

In digging out the extra camera I had taken out our carefully hidden correspondence, and I now remembered that in my haste I had left it lying in the middle of the bed, which Minnie had evidently gone in to make. But it was too late for regrets. The enemy was on me.

Please turn to page 28

Have daily REGULARITY

and build
yourself UP
without
medicines



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN*

* Registered Trade Mark

is a natural
**LAXATIVE
HEALTH FOOD
BLOOD TONIC**

Your health depends on what you eat—every day. To-day's soft, mushy, over-cooked foods often lack the vital bulk your system needs for regular elimination. Kellogg's All-Brán supplies smooth-acting bulk which helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle and natural elimination . . . no medicines needed.

Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Brán brings you more protective food elements than whole wheat itself! Kellogg's All-

Brán is actually richer in iron than spinach—and it is a natural source of Vitamins B₁ for the nerves, B₂ for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones and Niacin for the skin. It not only relieves constipation but builds you up at the same time.

Kellogg's All-Brán has a tasty toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Ask for Kellogg's All-Brán to-day.

**"TIRED
BLOOD"
and
Blemishes**



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PARTY TIME

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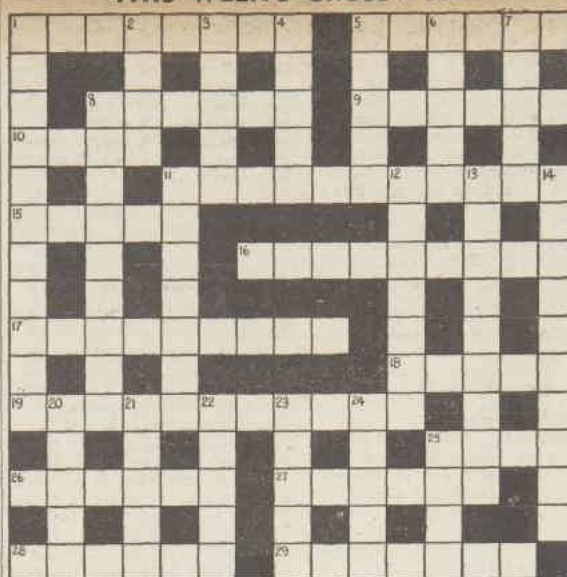
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VJ01



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Blend fifty lengths of existence to the frame of an aeroplane (8).
5. Large branch of tree our protecting covering (6).
8. Touch lightly darling to get a muffer (4).
9. Aromatic paraphrase of the Hebrew Scriptures in a sailor tree (6).
10. Alternative between two teas is wrong (4).
11. In short, religious treatise competent yet not easily dealt with (11).
15. If followed by man, it's the stomach (9).
16. A man a muffled senior papa and therefore Lady (9).
17. Late article in a tree was once great (8).
18. Make a little bird an enormous man (5).
19. Take promontory from extremity to its identity (11).
25. She thought mixed in a snare (4).
26. Derivation of one spirit (6).
27. A bird for a slangy halfpenny and a poultry dish (6).
28. Oberon's blackbirds (8).
29. Think differently when 500 is despatched (7).

DOWN

1. A very cheap beer for hooped petticoat (11).
2. Send forth a tapas tarry period (4).
3. Shivering as a writing implement (5).
4. Come in (5).
5. An insect I see in a grotesque posture (5).
6. Woman's name (5).
7. Customary for us you and little Al-bert (10).
8. Surpass tendency containing mixed test for number and quantity of feet (9).
11. Little Ronald am writing old in the era of metal implements (4, 3).
12. Sailor obtains these same (7).
13. Best trade (Anag. & 4).
14. Drug in mixed centre here before cop-pers (10).
20. Northern people can be made to grunt in sleep (5).
21. The French girl is legitimate (5).
22. Roaches (5).
23. State class? (5).
24. Marks of mixed spirit in a steamship (5).
25. Rodents I see in the middle of me (4).

Solution to last week's crossword.



The Big Minnie

Continued from page 27

WITH that, Minnie appeared. "Now I know who you are," she roared, breaking into the clearing.

And around the picnic ground we flew. Whence went the four-by-two past my ear. I am an agile man, but it was a tiring form of exercise. Whence went the four-by-two.

Then I thought of the boat. Dunkirk! Leading Minnie around that way, I suddenly turned, shoved the boat off, leaped in, grabbed the oars, and simply beat the water to a froth. When next I looked up, the shore line was just fading from view.

After a moment's rest, I bent once more to my work, and drew even farther away from lovely 30-30 Lodge. And when the little jitney seaplane came over on the noon mail run, I flagged him down, and for a whopping fee induced him to fly me out to safety.

Anyway, here is Judy. If you don't agree that she was worth the trouble, I will gladly turn in by badge. As ever, George.

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California.

September 1
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Hotel Sheridan
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear George:

We got the film developed this morning, and just for laughs Pringle and I went over and took a look at it. And just as I thought, Judy is

fully as pretty as any one of at least a thousand girls we can have on the set to-morrow morning at eight o'clock.

But in Minnie we think maybe you've got something. Minnie's a real funny woman.

Anyway, to make a long story short, we want Minnie out here for a real screen test just as soon as you can get her here. I worked it so that you could have the opportunity of going back up to bring her out, as it will enable you to get your clothes.

As ever,
Dick.

Richard L. Reed
Federal Pictures Hollywood
Calif

No need for clothes. Have just joined nudist colony. Dick, I would not face that woman again for a million dollars.

George.

George Seibert
Hotel Sheridan Minneapolis Minn

Relax, boy. I was only kidding. We are sending Tom Flynn and his electric cheque book up to close the deal. Your end of it done, and nobly. Sending you small but neat bonus to Kansas City office. Take yourself a good rest. No need to report until to-morrow.

Dick.

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Beef asks for MUSTARD



You never think

of roast beef without thinking of mustard! It's a lasting tradition that beef should be served with a golden dab of Keen's Mustard. It's the very edge of the enjoyment, the tang that stimulates your sense of taste and heightens the flavour of rich beef juices. Sirloins, steaks, meat of every kind... they all demand mustard!



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P RINCIPALS of business colleges and secretarial schools all agree that there is no glut of stenographers in Australia.

When we told them that there are plenty of shorthand-typists in Great Britain, they said that employers here are crying out for stenographers, and can't get them.

Mr. P. Cousins, principal of Charters Business College, told us: "There are fewer girls going into business as stenographers, and this is due to the depression, when the birthrate fell. I think there are 40,000 fewer boys and girls now than in 1939."

"The majority nowadays go to positions which pay a good salary and don't ask for high qualifications. Many firms pay employees to learn in the firm's time."

Mr. T. Stanley Summerhayes, principal of the Metropolitan Business College, added: "A glut of shorthand-typists in England? Well, we might be able to import some!"

"Business should be regarded as a profession," he said, "and work should be made attractive for girls who have a good Leaving Certificate pass. Otherwise they'll turn to other professions now open to them."

"You know," he added, "these present day employees with no qualifications and good salaries are skating on thin ice. The day will come when it thaws, and only trained stenographers will have a safe footing."

LOOKING for one of those "be-bop" sweaters in a store, a friend of ours got rather tongue-tied.

"I'll have," she requested, "one of those bee-sweaters."

At which the salesgirl, full of self-righteous disdain, turned to serve another customer, leaving our friend stunned and bee-hopeless.

Church organist plays hymns at home

EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD Miss Lottie Turton, one of the first three women to play Sydney Town Hall organ, has been a church organist for 59 years.

At a tribute concert held recently by members of North Sydney Congregational Church, Miss Turton and parishioners recalled the old days of hand-pumped organs in the first years of this century.

Although most of her time has been spent at the North Sydney church, Miss Turton first played at Christ Church, Lavender Bay.

"I used to walk through wild bush to reach church," she told us. "That was back in 1889."

Living quietly at her Chatswood home, Miss Turton delights in playing hymn tunes on her piano.

Her sitting-room is full of cherished objects which include an enormous biblical tapestry worked by her mother, a bowl of realistic wax fruit, and stalactites in a glass case.



"I'm in a bit of a rush."

Beards not needed by chess players

TWO chess-playing schoolboys, Donald Pike (14) and Malcolm Brown (15), of Sydney Grammar School, were winner and runner-up of the N.S.W. B Grade Chess Championships for 1950.

Malcolm lost to Donald by half a point.

Both doing the Intermediate this year, the two boys stress that you haven't got to be old with a white beard to learn chess.

"Don learnt chess out of a book called 'An Easy Guide To Chess,'" Malcolm told us.

"I learnt the moves," interjected Don, "but that doesn't imply learning to play. It's easy to learn, but hard to play well."

Chess, they said, is played in 18 N.S.W. schools by 51 teams.

Pastorist's will helps soil conservation

THE will of the late Mr. John T. Mortlock, former pastoralist and stud, merino sheep breeder, of South Australia, makes a practical contribution to the national problem of soil conservation. For years Mr. Mortlock, who owned large properties throughout the State, was particularly concerned in the vast tracts of pastoral country in the low rainfall areas showing denudation of vegetation and consequent soil erosion.

Overstocking in the early years of the colony, plus the rabbit pest, had contributed to this condition. And being a man of vision, Mr. Mortlock saw that disaster could be halted only by a scientific approach to the problem.

When the Adelaide University Waite Institute for Agricultural Research was founded in 1924, he contributed £2000 towards its equipment. Since then he has made several substantial money gifts to the Institute.

The work at its experimental station is a long-term job, and it may be years before results are conclusive.

By his will, however, Mr. Mortlock has provided for its continuity and completion by bequeathing £1000 annually for 15 years. "This generous provision," Professor Prescott, of Waite Institute, says, "will enable us to appoint at least one scientific officer and provide facilities to work on the problem of the grazing of sheep in the drier regions of South Australia."

Mr. Mortlock's bequest totalled £72,000. It included £20,000 to the University for scientific research in the medical school, £10,000 for agricultural scholarships, and many thousands to various charities and philanthropic organisations.

SOMEONE we know who claims to have been insulted in every possible way by snooty milliners found recently that the list was not yet exhausted. When she asked for a hat in clear yellow the elegant saleslady replied in shocked dignity, "Oh no, madam, we have nothing like that. All these come from France, where they never use obvious colors."

Flu is occupational disease of these men

WHILE everyone in Sydney has been bemoaning the unprecedented rainfall of the past weeks, we decided to interview a representative of a group of workers who we thought must be particularly affected by bad weather conditions—members of the Cleansing Branch of the City Council, which takes in garbage men, street-cleaners, and road-workers.

An inspector of 30 years' standing spoke feelingly on the subject. "Ours is a work that must go on in spite of hail, rain, or storm," he said.

"The recent weeks of bad weather have trebled our work. There has been a huge quantity of washaway in backyards which must be cleared away. There are thousands of potholes on roads. Storm channels have been blocked. Garbage has become waterlogged and much heavier to handle."

"All this has to be attended to by a staff depleted to one-third of its average strength by influenza."

Influenza seems to be the occupational disease of workers of the Cleansing Branch. Exposed by the nature of their work to the cold and rain, they are naturally susceptible to it.

In addition to all the extra work caused by weather conditions, routine seasonal work must go on. One of the largest of these during the wet weeks has been the removal of cauliflower stalks from the City Markets at the rate of 50 tons a day.

However, the often unused deeds of the Cleansing Branch will not on this occasion go unnoticed. Every member of the branch will receive from the council a letter of thanks for his efforts in the emergency.

UP till last week, we never bothered about the word "mature." It caught up with us when a gentleman we met said it was nice to have an interview with a "mature" woman.

Mature, indeed! We're not to the thirty mark yet, and the gentleman should know by now that women dislike mature, with the allied words—worthy, intelligent (when applied to faces), and capable.

Even if, of course, they are worthy, mature, intelligent, and capable too.

Home from rural week-end with a prize

A MEMBER of our London staff spending a week-end in Yorkshire with friends was taken to the local agricultural show.

"By the way," said her hostess airily, "I want you to show one of my dogs for me."

"But I've never shown a dog in my life," protested the guest weakly. "Oh, it's simple enough," was the reply. "You just have it on the lead and keep it moving."

So with a pull at its lead and a surreptitious gentle kick or two, the Cairn was kept moving, and much to our colleague's surprise she was finally beckoned to the judge's stand.

On her coat collar was pinned the number of the dog she was showing. Below this the judge fixed a large blue card and she walked away amid the applause with pride oozing from every pore.

That was until she looked down and saw on the card in large black letters "Second Best Bitch in Show."

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FROM CHEMISTS ONLY



"Young man, suppose you let ME worry about what's proper and dignified for a man in my position? Now, then, can you or CAN'T you lend me that sixpence for lunch money?"

Will Princess Margaret marry Scottish Earl?



AT ASCOT. Princess Margaret and the Earl of Dalkeith arrive with the Princess Royal. The Earl's presence in the Royal carriage gave rise to the engagement rumors.



IN SCOTLAND during Princess Margaret's visit to the Earl's parents, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the house-party attended a ball in Glasgow. Left to right: The Duchess of Buccleuch, the Earl of Dalkeith, Sir Hector McNeill, Princess Margaret, Lady McNeill, and Lady Caroline Scott, the Earl's sister.

Handsome red-head is popular with tenants on his estates

By PHILIP JOHNSON, in London

A belief that Princess Margaret will announce her engagement on her twentieth birthday, August 21, has focused interest on her friendship with the Earl of Dalkeith, which is rumored to have developed into a romance.

So frequently is the slim, reddish-haired young Earl her escort that, although he has denied reports of an engagement, the announcement is expected in Court circles.

THE Earl of Dalkeith—or, to give him his full name, Walter Frances John Montagu Douglas Scott—is a typical Scottish countryman, and will one day be immensely wealthy. He is the heir to the Duke of Buccleuch.

He is tall, slim, with wavy hair of the red tint which has been a distinguishing feature of his line for many generations.

Coming straight down from Oxford in the war, he went into the Navy and finished up as a lieutenant in a destroyer.

After that he went abroad to study forestry, and then came home to learn estate management under his father and his experts.

He is going through the task from every aspect, and to-day can be seen in grey flannels and a sports jacket at Boughton House, Drumlanrig, or other family seats, driving his small sedan or little sports car to inspect buildings, the cottage homes of laborers, or the larger farmhouses.

He is a great favorite. Often he can be seen walking hand-in-hand with one of the children of the farm workers.

He knows all the tenants personally, and calls on them to see if they have any complaints or suggestions.

When Princess Margaret visits his parents it is the Earl who meets her at the station and drives her home in his little sports car.

There are very few parts of the estates to which he has not taken her.

As Scots title go, that of the Buccleuchs is not an old one. It dates back only to 1662, when Anne, Countess of Buccleuch, "esteemed to be the greatest heiress and finest woman of her time," married James Croft, Duke of Monmouth, illegitimate son of Charles II.

Monmouth rebelled later against the King and was executed.

But the family, which to-day is an amalgamation of three ducal lines—Scott of Buccleuch, Douglas of Queensberry, and Montagu of Montagu—was prominent more

than 200 years earlier, when Sir Richard Scott of Rankilburn flourished in the time of Edward I.

Besides his property in the suburbs of London, the Duke owns over 500,000 acres in seven counties, and has six stately homes.

The rent roll is enormous; so are the outgoings.

During the past 20 years successive Dukes found it advisable to sell some of their art treasures—among them two Rembrandts, one of which brought £100,000 sterling, and the other £30,000 sterling.

But the family still possesses an immense collection of works of art, pictures, china, and period furniture.

The Duke has lent many pictures to British Embassies at Rome, Paris, and Buenos Aires.

The young Earl has inherited the

tastes of his ancestors. He is becoming a connoisseur of art and, like the Duke, often takes even casual visitors round Boughton House, or Drumlanrig, and gives them the history of their treasures.

Among the homes which will one day come to the Earl of Dalkeith are some of the most beautiful and historic mansions and castles in the country.

Chief of them in England is Boughton House, Kettering, where

the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester spent their honeymoon. In the war it was used for the storage of art treasures from Kensington Museum, but the Duke has now reopened it.

It is in 18th century French style, with avenues more than seventy-three miles long, and gardens of more than a hundred acres, laid out by Le Notre, who copied there the famous gardens he had made at Versailles and Fontainebleau.

For a change there is Bowhill, County Selkirk, or Drumlanrig Castle, County Dumfries, or the Royal Palace of Dalkeith.

Drumlanrig, noted for its grouse shooting, was built in the 16th century by the Duke of Queensberry, who was so horrified when he heard the cost that he spent only one night there.

Dalkeith has been shut for some time, but it is said that a former Duke, anxious to help in a wave of unemployment, engaged there 1000 gardeners.

Famous Abbey

MELROSE ABBEY, the "Fair Melrose" of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," belonged to the Buccleuch family, but the Duke gave it to the nation in 1918.

Although fond of London, the Earl of Dalkeith likes to spend most of his time at Bowhill.

The border country has been his favorite home from boyhood.

The picturesque woodlands and giant forests have always fascinated him.

In May, 1919, the rumor was so strong that Lord Dalkeith, the present Duke of Buccleuch, was to marry Princess Mary that an official

denial had to be issued from Buckingham Palace.

Since Princess Margaret first began to go about with young friends three years ago, the Earl has been one of her most constant escorts.

They have been together at theatres, restaurants, and dances.

In October, 1948, the Princess went up to Bowhill for the weekend to be at the Earl's 25th birthday party.

She has frequently stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at one of their Scottish castles, and at Boughton House.

The Earl rode in the same carriage as the Princess at Ascot this year, and was one of the Royal house party at Windsor for the races.

They have known each other since childhood. Apart from the long-standing friendship between the Royal Family in England and the house of Buccleuch in Scotland, the two are allied by marriage.

The Duchess of Gloucester is the sister of the present Duke of Buccleuch, and the aunt of the Earl of Dalkeith.

The Duke of Buccleuch married in 1921 Miss Vreda Estlin Mary Lascelles, daughter of the late Major W. F. Lascelles and Lady Sybil Lascelles, a collateral branch of the Harewood family, into which Princess Mary married.

Going back some hundreds of years, the blood of the Stuarts is to be found in both.

Unlike some of his ancestors, the Earl has not adopted any special career. His grandfather was a banker, and had many other interests. His father, when Earl of Dalkeith, began a career in Parliament, but gave it up to look after the family estates.

Lord Dalkeith is following his father's example. He went to Eton in 1936 and joined Rowlett's House.

He met a friend there—in the same House—the present Earl of Harewood. At first he was interested in rowing, but soon music played a dominant part in his activities. He joined the College music society, and showed a preference for opera.

While he was regarded as a studious boy, with extraordinary ability to learn languages, he was very popular.

He was elected a member of POP—an exclusive Eton society whose members are never allowed to exceed 25, and who are chosen as the most popular of 1000 boys in the school.

POP boys have special privileges, including authority to wear a blob of sealing-wax on their hats, and colored waistcoats.



POSSIBLE BRIDEGROOM for Princess Margaret, the 27-year-old Earl of Dalkeith.

Our fashion parades from U.S.

CLOTHES-CONSCIOUS Australian women are thrilled at the chance of seeing American top mannequins and styles at first-hand, and comparing them with the impressions of French fashions they gathered during The Australian Women's Weekly Paris parades.

Four outstandingly beautiful American mannequins will make the trip to Australia. They are Ruth Hancock, who is leader of the group, Carmen Dell'Orifice, Andrea Johnson, and Margo Price.

Among the glittering galaxy of famous designers, whose styles they will wear, are Elizabeth Arden, Hattie Carnegie, Adrian, Irene, Brigance, and Tina Leser.

Hats will be by the noted John Fredericks, and accessories, even down to costume jewellery and scarves, have been specially

selected to show Australian women the latest trends.

This year's American parades will be presented by the Myer Emporium Ltd., Melbourne and Adelaide, in conjunction with Neiman-Marcus, of Dallas, Texas, through the Daily and Sunday Telegraph and David Jones Ltd.

The Executive Vice-President of Neiman-Marcus, Mr. Stanley Marcus, thinks that American fashions are better suited to the style and mode of living of the average Australian woman than Continental or English designs.

This view is shared by many Australian fashion experts, and the parades will give Australian women a chance to see the designs of American craftsmen and make their own decisions.



JUDY GARLAND, with daughter Lisa and husband Vincente Minelli and the family poodle, at their Hollywood home just before Judy hit the headlines again with her throat-cutting attempt.



DEANNA DURBIN and daughter Jessica Louise Jackson, child of her second venture into matrimony.

Film stars not always happy

Hollywood's fierce competition can wreck careers, marriages, and health

From our New York office

Judy Garland's latest headline drama throws the spotlight once again on Hollywood's "other side," the reverse of the picture of success, riches, and glamor that invests the stars.

She is one of many girls who—with apparently everything to make their lives wonderful—have found the pace of the feverish film city too hot.

WHILE there are movie queens who, at the top for a decade and longer, enjoy their fame and money, there are plenty of others who make the ordinary young woman think that after all her humdrum lot is not so bad.

Remember blonde sweater-girl Cateo Landis, who visited Australia in wartime with an entertainment unit, and how she solved her problems of fading career and frustrating romances two years ago by taking a fatal dose of sleeping pills?

Lupe Velez, Mexican spitfire, who rocketed to movie peaks with her glowing Latin beauty, eventually found that riches, fame, and love eluded her. She took an overdose of sleeping pills in 1944 when she found she was to have an illegitimate child.

The classical beauty Frances Farmer was another promising actress whose screen career wound up tragically in 1943, after a losing bout with alcohol and romance.

Among those who tried to end it all the permanent way is blonde Jean Wallace, Franchot Tone's ex-wife who found life empty last year when her marriage finally broke up.

You could write off these girls as neurotics, but it would not be quite fair.

Their marriages are exposed to hazards from the start. The career wife in any walk of life has to watch that her career does not damage her marriage, but the film star runs a much greater risk. Often she marries an actor or a director. Both husband and wife are ambitious, their

work takes more than the usual toll of their nerves. Both continually meet attractive members of the opposite sex.

Marriage, alimony payments, Government taxes, and big living expenses take a considerable bite out of most Hollywood stars' earnings.

To keep busy making movies is of crucial importance. Now with studios becoming less inclined to renew long-term, big-money agreements, more apt to hold their players to the letter of the contract, and the constant threat of young, talented competition, those who live beyond their incomes are continually tense.

Judy Garland, now 28, is said to earn £2000 a week. A single guest appearance on the air yields her about £2250. To those figures can be added her record royalties. That is a lot of money, but Judy's agent and confidant, Carl Alspop, hints that debts have contributed to her breakdown.

Of all the stars who came to Hollywood fame and fortune, Judy was the one to start early and cry most. She began to pay for stardom when she was only 17.

She was a veteran of ten pictures when, then 19, she eloped in 1941 with young composer David Rose.

Her marriage lasted only two years, and Judy took out her heart-break on the studio, where tantrums and quarrels were frequent.

Less than a year after the divorce she fell in love with Vincente Minelli. She married him in 1945; they had a daughter in 1946, but the sun shone only briefly.

Dieting to keep slim was one of

her big worries. It exhausted her physically and mentally, gave her insomnia, and she turned to sleeping pills. A big studio explosion over Judy in "Annie Get Your Gun" caused her suspension.

After three months' rest treatment in Boston at the expense of generous employers, Judy returned to Hollywood, plump, suntanned, and humbly said: "I want so much to work I don't mind what they give me. I'll even sweep the studio floors."

Three months' slow, cautious work in "Summer Stock," and reunion with Vincente Minelli, made everyone happy that popular Judy was at last on the right track. Then

the world came crashing down about her.

She was at her beautiful boulevard home with her husband and agent, Carl Alspop, discussing her future, when she made the hysterical attempt on her life.

Judy can't be written off yet. Her employers, M.G.M., have not said that she is definitely through, and independent movie producers and a major television network have indicated that they'll be willing to have her when she is well.

It is curious that a girl whose career began at the same time, and who was her keen rival, has fallen on hard times, too, though not in such a spectacular way.

She was Deanna Durbin, whom M.G.M. signed up at the same time,

That young singer was destined to become the big money-spinner for Universal Films, who took her up when she was dropped by M.G.M. six months after signing.

Deanna Durbin terminated her association with Universal Studios, where she reigned for 13 years. She says she is not through with the screen, despite divorce, remarriage, some pretty bad films. She still has a stubborn determination to become a dramatic actress, but the studio has other ideas.

Deanna is still minus a job, and, as far as moviegoers can judge, may retire for good, but now comes the tip that she is more than eager to begin film work abroad. The reason? Dwindling finances.

The girl who started younger than either of them, Shirley Temple, although she too has had a fair share of disillusionment, will at least never be broke.

When she became a millionairess at 8, her banker father and business-like mother made certain of that.

Shirley, who attained stardom in 1934 at the age of five, maintained her popularity with her faithful fans, even when she graduated from the brilliance of her childhood parts to the comparative mediocrity of teenage and semi-sophisticated roles.

Shirley herself bolstered up the tradition when she announced less than two years ago that she had never in her life known a moment's unhappiness or sense of insecurity.

However, the Temple tradition was shattered last year when her marriage with John Agar broke up.

Recent rumors of a possible marriage for Shirley with wealthy San Franciscan Charles Black may mean that she, too, is following the pattern of Hollywood.

She may find happiness in her second marriage. Perhaps she will reach adult stardom. It is hard to say, for the dice are certainly loaded against true happiness in the film city.

Details of her husband's conduct given in the subsequent divorce, although they cast no reflection on Shirley herself, broke forever her public's belief in her happy life.

Her assertion that she had once contemplated suicide was in startling contradiction to her claims of happiness made a short while before.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE and daughter Linda Susan. Shirley, successful in her finances, had to face failure in her marriage when she divorced husband, John Agar.



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*Soon to be seen in "Quartet".

Gentian Hill

IN Ireland, Charles found his work to his liking and his employers kind. They gave him a small cottage on the estate, and he joyfully made it ready for Therese and Marie. He had just got leave to go back to England and fetch them when a letter arrived from Therese. She and Marie had quite recovered, and there was no need for him to come and fetch them.

The frigate Amphion was sailing from Plymouth with troops on board, and several officers' wives were sailing too. She and Marie had permission to go with them and were leaving for Plymouth immediately. There was to be a farewell party on board and she had retrimmed the green gown that he liked so much.

By the time he got this letter she and Marie would be on the sea.

Years later the Abbe could not remember very much about the man who had gone back to Plymouth and tramped the streets day after day asking crazy questions of every man he met who had anything at all to do with the tragedy of the Amphion.

There had been friends with him, he believed, trying to help him, but he had not taken much notice of them until one of them found a man who described a dark-haired woman in a green gown whom he had helped to lift drowned from the water, with her dead child clasped in her arms.

This evidence, combined with the fact that if Therese and Marie were not among the few who had been saved then they must be numbered among the three hundred dead, convinced him at last.

He went back to Ireland and he imagined that he was doing his work quite well, until his patron told him that it was not so and advised a change and rest. Not far away there was a monastery, and he went there, and the monks nursed him through the physical and mental collapse that descended upon him once the compulsion of work that had kept him going was removed.

One day, as they sat in the garden, Father Joseph, an old monk, from whose wisdom and kindness Charles drew great strength, asked him what he meant to do with himself now that he was nearly recovered.

"Your wife turned from the religious life for your sake," said Father Joseph slowly. "Has it not occurred to you that you might take upon yourself the vows she did not make? Give yourself to God in her place?"

Charles was speechless, the expression upon his face one of almost comic astonishment and dismay.

"I have no vocation for the cloister, Father," he said at length.

"No, I do not think that you have," said the old man. "But I think it possible that God might have a use for you as priest and scholar."

And in the end it seemed to Charles the only thing to do...

The Abbe opened his eyes and in a gleam of sudden sunshine saw the weatherbeaten face of Dr. Crane bending over him.

"You are a very sick man," the doctor told him bluntly. "But if you wish to live I give you my word that I can pull you through. If you don't, no doctor on earth can do anything for you."

The Abbe was finding speech increasingly difficult, but politeness was second nature to him. "My good sir, I will try my best to do credit to your skill," he murmured.

Both men kept their word and fought a hard battle for a week; both at times thought it was a losing battle, but both held on. At the end of the week the Abbe's iron constitution abruptly asserted itself, the fight was over, and in a few days' time the patient was recovering with astonishing rapidity.

"Well, you're through," said the doctor with satisfaction one morning. "But I do not trust your convalescence either to yourself or Mrs. Jewell. As soon as you are fit to be moved you will come to me at Gentian Hill."

Continued from page 5

"Thank you, I shall be glad to come," said the Abbe quietly. He looked at the man sitting beside him, his heavy shoulders and large head outlined against the window. It seemed to him that the doctor had spent an abnormal amount of time with him during his illness.

"I am afraid your other patients have been neglected of late," he said. "I really wonder why you fought so hard just for me."

"Doctors are fighting men. I would not admit that I need any further incentive to put up a good fight than the presence of the enemy, Death. Had I needed it there was in your case the fact of my friendship for you. You put up a good fight yourself. Why? You do not strike me as a man whose past experience has made him much in love with life."

"The same reason. My friendship for you." He paused. "There were two more reasons, I think, though the reason of friendship was the one that was clearest to me. We Christians may not dismiss ourselves from life, failures though we may be. Perhaps least of all when we are failures." He stirred restlessly. "I cannot leave this life until I have again made contact with my fellow men."

The doctor nodded. "Did you ever make it?"

"I thought that I did. I was exceedingly gregarious as a young man."

"Only with your own kind," said the doctor, stating a fact, not asking a question. "Not with the dirty, the ignorant, the wicked, who so often turn out upon intimate acquaintance to be the best of us, all." A look of horror and distaste spread over the Abbe's face.

"You've a long way to go," the doctor added. "But for the sake of your immortal soul I'm glad I saved your life." He grinned disarmingly at his outraged patient. "To each man his own devil," he said cheerfully.

THE Abbe arrived at Gentian Hill a week before Christmas in a condition of silent frost that would have chilled less warmhearted men than the doctor and Tom Pearce.

It was a long while since he had stayed as a guest in another man's house. But finding himself left alone by the understanding doctor, the Abbe's taut nerves relaxed a little, and he was happy and at ease. In the evenings he and the doctor talked long over the study fire. They spoke sometimes of Stella and Zachary.

Stella had not been to the doctor's since the arrival of the Abbe; she was deep in Christmas preparations at the farm, but the fact of her nearness was to the Abbe an added warmth in the glow of these days. He had not forgotten her during the days and nights of his illness, she had lived most vividly in his dreams, and Mrs. Lorraine's box had come with him to Gentian Hill.

The doctor thought it would be a hard Christmas for Stella, for the ships returning from Trafalgar had brought a letter from Zachary telling them that he was safe, but that his frigate was remaining in the Mediterranean. And Stella had hoped he would be back for Christmas.

On Christmas Eve, the weather being still fine and his patient having gained strength amazingly, he suggested a visit to Weekborough Farm.

He had expected a cold but courteous refusal. To his astonishment the Abbe said almost genially: "I would like to come. I have a Christmas present for Stella."

In the clear golden afternoon they set off in the gig, Tom Pearce at the back of it.

Please turn to page 34



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 15, 1950

TEENA *by Linda Terry*



ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Parents, home, or the family circle may call for some attention this week. July 12 to 15 is your best period to organise desired change, removals, renovations, building, or buying, or to get others busy on your behalf.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): This week should bring some happy and satisfying days. Visit, entertain, or try out a new routine. Relatives and friends are well disposed towards you this week, and may suggest some interesting entertainment or excursion.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): New ideas and fresh planning incline to stimulate your financial interests this week. Get busy before the week-end, while your stars are in your favor, for early next week is very slow, and may delay or spoil your plans.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Continue to drive for desired goals. Enthusiasm and ambition can help you to accomplish a good deal this week. Choose between July 12 and 16 for going into action on your most important plans. Your personality and energy will then be at their best.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 15, 1950

As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

LEO (July 24 to August 23): This week favors planning and finalising rather than new beginnings. Avoid over-enthusiasm, secret matters, or anything that may have a catch in it. Your cycle is subject to jealousy from others, and therefore needs a little more caution.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Continue to enjoy yourself with others. Friends and acquaintances can prove particularly entertaining and inspiring this week. Take a note of any helpful or profitable suggestions for future reference, especially from Friday.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): A rather quiet week until Friday, when fresh energy and capacity could spur you on to fresh achievements in your career. Love ties and personal affairs will also tend to excitement, but try to keep a balance in all things.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): This is a good week to expand your intellectual and social life, try out new ideas, plan for holidays or travel. July 14 will be a stimulating; remember you are planning for the future, so plan wisely.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Continue with any projects in hand, but don't act too enthusiastically on new schemes, whether your own or those suggested by others, until you have looked at all angles. The week-end appears to be your most interesting time.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Partnership affairs may be tricky and difficult this week, but if you don't allow feeling to sway you too much the week-end may be to your advantage. Don't break ties or make new ones just yet.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Your motto this week should be "moderation in all things." You may incline to overwork, or think a new job better than the old, but don't let impulse or over-enthusiasm rush you into action bearing Friday. Think things over.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): July 14 starts your most interesting time this week. Social activity and romance can be very bright, but don't be too "up in the air" or over-enthusiastic. Games of chance or speculation could bring some excitement.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]



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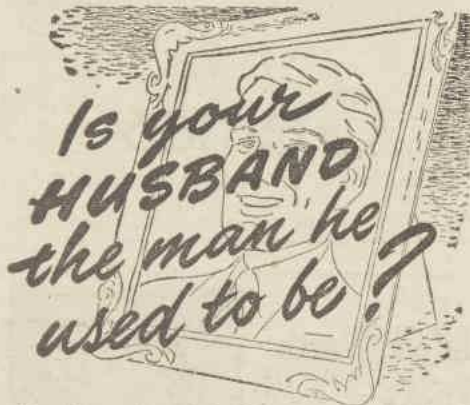
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JOHN V. BRANTING, Box 5187, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Gentian Hill

Continued from page 32

STELLA thought the great cave-like kitchen at Weekaborough Farm looked magnificent, and well it might, for she and Mother Sprigg had been laboring at it for days. Fir and holly decorated the dresser and all the odd crannies and shelves, and the grandfather clock had a branch of yew from the tree at Bowerly Hill. Mistletoe hung from the central beam.

The great table, pulled back against the dresser, was loaded with food. Arranged in rows at the back were rabbit pies, mutton pies, pig's trotters in brawn, a round of cold beef and a huge frilled ham sprinkled with brown sugar. In front were apple pies, mince pies, syllabubs, Devonshire splits, saffron cake, and mounded dishes of Devonshire cream and candied fruits.

The great wassailing bowl stood ready with its ladle, and the holly-trimmed platter was waiting for the Christmas bread. There was ale and cider, and Mother Sprigg's homemade damson wine, elderberry wine, and sloe gin.

Throughout Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, and Boxing Day the front door of Weekaborough would stand wide in welcome to all, be he angel, prince, or peasant.

"Stella! Stella! Tom Pearce has just driven into the yard and the doctor and some friends of his are coming down the hill."

It was Mother Sprigg, calling down the stairs. Stella shook out the folds of the new frock that Mother Sprigg had made for her for Christmas. It was soft grey wool, patterned with small red roses.

Then Mother Sprigg hustled in, rosy and smiling in her best winter dress of dark crimson wool, followed by Father Sprigg creaking loudly in his Sunday suit.

"I'll go," cried Stella, and with Hodge at her heels ran out to the hall to bid them welcome. "God bless you, sirs," she said, as Mother Sprigg had taught her to say to all who came at Christmas, "and send you a happy Yuletide and a prosperous new year."

Then holding out her flowered skirts on either side she curtsied; not the usual quick bob of a country child, but the full-blown curtsy of a great lady. (Where in the world had she learned to curtsy like that? wondered the doctor.)

"You remember Monsieur de Colbert, Stella?" he asked her.

But she had evidently not forgotten. Her face was alight with pleasure as she rose from her curtsy and held out her hand. "Welcome to Weekaborough, mon Pere."

He took her hand and held it, looking down at her, but he did not say a word. The doctor, divesting himself of his greatcoat, looked at the couple curiously. Why should the child's smile have made the man look for one moment as though mortally stricken, and then in the next moment almost as radiant as the child herself?

There was a curious likeness in the steadiness with which each looked at the other. The rosy evening light shining through the open kitchen door softened the hard outlines of the Abbe's face and took the angularity from his tall figure.

He had great beauty once, thought the doctor. Beauty and fire.

Stella, too. It was not a child who stood there; it was a woman in a grey dress, moving through the shadows with head bent, carrying some precious gift very carefully in her two hands.

"Stella!" he cried almost sharply, and she looked up and laughed, a merry girl who had just been given a Christmas present.

With the arrival of fresh neighbors he was abruptly himself again. Stella and the Abbe, he saw, were sitting in one of the window seats, happy in each other's company. He put the shock they had given him out of his mind, and let the country

festal he loved take possession of him.

On the window seat Stella was unpacking her parcel very slowly, her cheeks flushed and her lips parted.

Her nimble fingers managed the knots and folded the string and brown paper carefully, and then she gave a sigh of delight at the sight of the silver paper and the scarlet ribbon. She took off the ribbon and smoothed it lovingly.

"Is it mine, too?" she asked.

"Of course," smiled the Abbe.

The silver paper fell away and the box of carved cedarwood and inlaid ivory lay on her lap. She had not known that such beautiful things existed. She looked up at the Abbe, her face transfigured. "Has it got dreams inside it?"

"Look and see," he said.

She lifted the lid a little way and looked inside. She gave a small cry of ecstasy and lifted it right up. "A workbox!" She forgot the Abbe. She forgot everybody and everything.

She lifted the enchanting little covers and saw the reels of colored silks inside. She took out the emery cushion like a strawberry, held it cupped in her hands and said that Goldilocks had strawberries and cream when she sewed. She took out the silver thimble and found it fitted exactly. She lifted the scissors and said at once, "It is a white swan flying over the water."

She unearthed treasures that the Abbe had not known were there; a velvet pincushion like a scarlet toadstool, a needle-book made of a scrap of gold brocade, lace bobbins with beads hanging on the ends, some faded scraps of silk and satin, a child's necklace of blue glass beads and a tiny pair of paste bangles.

"Well, my dear heart, did you ever see anything so lovely!" Mother Sprigg was standing in front of them, staring dumbfounded at the box. Stella looked up at her, "Monsieur de Colbert has given it to me."

"Given you that lovely workbox? A little poppet like you? Well, I never! It's a box for a fine lady."

MOTHER SPRIGG

hardly knew which of her emotions was uppermost, delight that her precious child should have such a lovely gift or sadness that she herself had not been the giver of it. And who was this fine gentleman, anyway, that he should give her child such a gift? He had risen and was standing politely before her.

"I hope the child has thanked you nicely, sir," she said, and there was a tiny edge of sharpness to her voice. "Stella, have you thanked the gentleman for his gift?"

Stella had risen too, and her face was suddenly scarlet with distress. "No, mother, I—didn't."

"Well, of all the ungrateful girls!" And now her voice was so sharp that the tears came suddenly to Stella's eyes.

She turned to the Abbe in distress. "I forgot all about thanking you," she said.

As she spoke, she slipped her hand into his, half for protection, half to show him how sorry she was that she had not said thank you. He gripped her hand tightly; bone of his bone, she seemed.

"Madam, she was not ungrateful," he said. "Never have thanks been more charmingly expressed."

His stilted way of speaking annoyed Mother Sprigg. She disliked him intensely. A foreigner. And it hurt her to see those two standing there as though siding against her. She looked from one face to the other and it was an added aggravation to note that both of them had dark grey eyes.

"Get your cloak, Stella," she said shortly. "It's time we went to the wassailing."

Please turn to page 35

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kiddies that make
a bath look
old and dirty..



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Gentian Hill

Continued from page 34

THE merry company trooped out to the orchard led by Father Sprigg with the wassailing bowl filled with cider and apples, followed by Madge carrying a tray of glasses. It was getting dark now, and the guests carried lighted lanterns.

Someone began to sing and voice after voice took up the song. The words, beginning "Health to the good apple tree!", were just rhyming doggerel, but the chant to which they were set sounded to the Abbe far older than the words. Wassail was a Saxon word. As old as that? He could believe it.

The song ended, and each man and woman took a glass, dipped it into the bowl, and drank a toast to the god. Then Father Sprigg carried the bowl to the apple tree and poured out all that was left as a solemn libation over the twisted roots. Then it was over and laughter and merriment broke out again.

They trooped back to the kitchen, and Father Sprigg and Amos brought in the Yule log from the yard and laid it on the hearth. It was a branch of quick-burning ash that had been carefully dried so that it should catch alight quickly. Father Sprigg piled small branches of apple wood around it, and Stella plied the bellows with all her strength, and in a moment the flames were roaring up the chimney.

Mother Sprigg meanwhile had gone to the bread oven, lifted out the Christmas bread, hot and spiced with a golden top and laid it upon the belly-decked platter on the table. From a jar on a shelf she took a mildewed grey morsel, the last crust of last year's bread, and threw it on the flames.

The company cheered lustily. Fire and bread had not failed through the year that had passed, and the burning of the last crust in the flames of the new Yule log had assured fire and bread for the year to come.

Then Mother Sprigg and Madge lit all the candles and everyone became very merry, eating and drinking, and the doctor perceived that the entertainment would soon be no longer to the Abbe's taste.

"We'll slip away," he said. "Stella, come with us to the garden gate."

Stella was glad to slip away too. She loved the wassailing and the kindling of the Yule log, but not the noisy hour that came after. Wrapped in her cloak she walked sedately down the garden path between the two elderly gentlemen.

"Stella," said the Abbe, "the work-box belonged to a very old lady, a friend of mine who lives at Torre. She gave it to me for you. Will you come with me one day to visit her?"

"Thank you, sir, I will come whenever you wish," she said. Then she curtsied to him. "Good night, sir. A happy Christmas." She turned to the doctor and curtsied again. "Good-night, sir. Good-night, Tom. A happy Christmas."

She watched them climb into the gig, then she went back to the house, and at the kitchen door was confronted by Mother Sprigg. "Go to bed, child," she said. "Take a cup of milk and a roasted apple and go to bed, or you'll be fit for nothing in the morning."

But Stella, unseen by Mother Sprigg, helped herself to a good deal more than a cup of milk and an apple. Taking a large willow pattern plate from the dresser she dodged round the table, between the merry guests, piling it with pie and ham and beef and cake.

This she deposited on the floor of the dark passage leading to the yard and was back again to fetch not a cup but a bowl of milk, a roast apple and clotted cream in a pink lustre dish, and a pocketful of lumps of sugar. She was sparkling with human naughtiness as she called to Hodge and shut the kitchen door behind them.

The Christmas party in the stable was not as noisy as the one in the kitchen, but it more than equalled it in enjoyment.

Stella brought Daniel in from the yard. Seraphine and the current kittens were in the stable already, having been banished there to be out of the way, and so were Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego the stable



MISS BELLE MOLLER

... altitude record

TWENTY - TWO-YEAR-OLD
Perth telephonist-typist Belle Moller claims a new record of 17,000 feet for altitude reached in Australia by light aircraft. There was not a barograph available, but Belle tipped the 17,000 feet mark before her petrol and oxygen began to get low. Commenced flying three years ago when she won £35 flying scholarship from the W.A. Women's Flying Club, of which she was then assistant organiser. Holds her private pilot licence, and is engaged to a Royal Aero Club pilot. "It was an exhilarating experience being up so high," says Belle. "I just kept on climbing until I reached 17,000, and then I noticed my oxygen getting low. It took me 25 minutes to land."

Interesting People



MR. V. R. DICKINSON

... migrant selector

LEAVING shortly to spend two years at Australia House "looking over" British migrants who want to come to Australia under R.S.L. nomination is Mr. V. R. Dickinson, recently appointed London administrator of ex-servicemen's migration scheme. Mr. Dickinson, who is First and Second World Digger, married an English girl during 1914-18 war. Says in selecting newcomers he'll ensure that wives of migrants have adaptable personalities which will fit easily into the Australian way of life.



MISS AMY KANE

... food problems

INTERNATIONAL food problem is leading topic to be discussed at big Country Women's Association conference in Copenhagen in September, and is absorbing interest of world vice-president, Miss Amy Kane, of New Zealand. Miss Kane, who recently visited Australia, says that women should make distribution of food their special concern, and points out that C.W.A. is working very closely with World Food and Agricultural Organisation.

Executive of New Zealand Women's Institutes for 16 years, Miss Kane has attended women's conferences in many parts of the world, including England, America, Istanbul, and Amsterdam, where she became C.W.A. vice-president in 1947, and Honolulu. She was born in Wellington.

cats, Moses and Abraham the oxen, the mare Bess, and the two little pack horses Shem and Ham.

While the dogs ate from the willow pattern plate and the cats lapped from the bowl of milk, Stella fed the oxen and horses with the sugar. She patted their necks and talked to them and wished them a happy Christmas.

Then she sat down on a pile of hay beside the cats and Hodge and Daniel and taking her own spoon from her pocket she ate her baked apple and clotted cream.

Hodge stretched himself at her feet, and Daniel lay beside her.

With one hand she smoothed

Daniel's rough head, with the other she rubbed Shadrach behind his ears. The animals, she guessed, were at peace, too. And Zachary? Was he at peace?

Stella shut her eyes. She had had a long and tiring day. She was sinking down and down through depth upon depth of peace, the green water closing over her head, but she was not afraid because she knew that there would be something to stay her before she fell out of existence altogether.

It was with no sense of shock that it stayed her, the awareness of arrival came so gradually that she found herself walking forward to the tolling of the bell without

having realised that her feet had touched the ground.

She ran on and presently she saw the church, looking like a grey rock. It was so small that it looked as though it had been made for two people only. The bell swung slowly in the belfry and light shone from the door. She reached the door, stepped in over the doorstep that was silted up with sand, passed into the church and knelt down.

She knew that someone was standing behind her, just inside the door, ringing the bell, but she did not look to see who it could be, though the nearness of whoever it was made her intensely happy.

Please turn to page 36

NOW! Baking Cakes is Child's Play!

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No more "creaming" sugar and shortening — that's a thing of the past with Copha's new magic method. Just melt your Copha, pour it on the other ingredients, and mix. Simple as ABC. And you turn out a real

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COPHA "MELT'N'MIX" Fairy Cakes

3 ozs. Copha • 2 eggs • 1 pint milk • 1 teaspoon vanilla • 6 ozs. sugar
1 level teaspoon salt • 8 ozs. self-raising flour • 1 oz. cornflour

Note: 1/2 pint milk - not 1 pint as previously published in this magazine

Place the Copha in a saucepan. Put all the other ingredients (except the cornflour and half the self-raising flour) all in together in a mixing bowl.

Now Melt 1. Melt the Copha over gentle heat. It should be barely warm — not hot. When melted, pour it over the contents of the mixing bowl.

And Mix 1. Beat the mixture for 5 minutes with a rotary beater, or 8 minutes with a

wooden spoon. Add remaining flour and the cornflour and mix well.

And you're ready for Baking. Bake in greased patty tins in a hot oven (400° gas, 450° electric) for 15 minutes. Leave plain, or, when cool, ice and decorate as you wish. There are lots more melt'n'mix recipes in the Copha Cook Book. Get it from your grocer.



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Bleaching Tissues

At first Stella was too much in awe to look anywhere except at the floor upon which she was kneeling, and which was made up of a mosaic of all and beautiful shells. Then she looked up and saw that the tiny church was just like a cave. There was nothing in it at all except the beautiful sea creatures that clung to the walls and the roof.

The bell stopped and the person who had been ringing it came and knelt beside her and slipped his hand into hers, and it was Zachary. They did not speak to each other for they were listening intently to the mighty surging murmur that was all about them.

It ebbed and flowed like waves, it broke against the walls that protected them and then receded. It was a great eager swell of sound and yet the quiet was unbroken, it was a roaring wind and yet nothing stirred. It was the voice of the sea itself.

"If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uppermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. Whither shall I go then from Thy Spirit, or whither shall I go then from Thy presence?"

Zachary and Stella looked at each other and smiled. The presence was the peace and the peace was the presence. If you could only sink down deep enough to find it there was no separation, for you could find each other there.

A trumpet sounded on the horn of a long dead huntsman. The surging voice of the sea was receding, this time without return, and Zachary's fingers were slipping from her grasp. Stella gave one bitter cry, that was lost in the sound of the trumpet that was not a trumpet at all but a cock crowing.

"The cock that is the trumpet to the morn." It was the Weekabourough cock and she slowly opened her eyes.

She was back in the stable again and it was only in a dream that she had been with Zachary. It must be midnight! Her heart beat fast. Then it is that the cocks crow and the animals wake, and a legend that is alive in almost every country of

Gentian Hill

the world says that they kneel and pray.

Stella looked about her. The dogs and cats were lying still, but they were all awake and their eyes in the lantern light were uncommonly bright. She could not see the oxen and the horses, but she was intensely aware of their wakefulness.

All her short life, since she had been told of the Christmas night legend, she had longed to be in the stable at midnight and see if it was really true that the animals knelt down, but Mother Sprigg had always seen to it that she should be in her bed at that time. And now here she was.

The first stroke of midnight sounded very faintly, floating through the still night from the church over the hill, and she covered her face with her hands. She listened to the twelve strokes of the bell and the beating of her heart seemed to keep time to their rhythm.

THEN the church bells began to ring, and it was Christmas Day. She took her hands from her face and met the bright glance of Hodge. His mouth was open and he seemed to be laughing at her. She looked round and all the animals seemed to be laughing at her, not in ridicule, but with a kindly tolerant tenderness.

Well, they seemed to be saying, you were here but you kept your face covered, and you don't know now whether we knelt down. I had to, she said, for it was your hour and I had no right to be here.

She put out the lantern, and followed by Hodge went out into the yard, that was almost as bright as day in the moonlight. They climbed up the thatch together and in through her window.

It struck Stella that she did not manage the climb as easily as usual. Was she growing up? Only children climbed roofs and trees, not grown women. She must be becoming a woman. She did not mind. Zachary must be nearly a man now and she wanted to be a woman to match him.

Continued from page 35

The sunshine of a May morning filled Mrs. Lorraine's parlor, where she and Stella sat sewing. Mrs. Lorraine was making a scarlet flannel petticoat and Stella was working on her sampler.

"Just six months ago to-day, Stella, since you came to stay with me," said Mrs. Lorraine.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Stella, "and two years and four months since mon Pere first brought me to see you."

They looked at each other and laughed. It seemed incredible that just over two years ago they had not known each other, and now they knew that they would always know each other.

"There are just seven people in the world about whom I feel that," said Stella.

"About whom you feel what, child?" asked Mrs. Lorraine. She could not always follow the quick flights of Stella's mind—it was like trying to follow the darlings of a swallow—but she found the effort to do so immensely rejuvenating.

"That I shall know them for ever and ever," said Stella, and dropping her work she ticked them off on her fingers. "Father and Mother Sprigg, Sol, Dr. Crane, mon Pere, you, Ma'am, and—Zachary."

Mrs. Lorraine knew all about Zachary. Stella had not actually told her much about the young sailor, now serving under Hardy on the South American station, but she had told that little in such a way that the old lady was now aware of Zachary as an actual presence in her house.

She marvelled that the love of a thirteen-year-old girl for a boy whom she had not seen for more than two years could have such power. Yet it was so. When Stella came into the house Zachary came in, too.

The two became engrossed in their work again, and while she stitched Mrs. Lorraine retraced in her mind the steps that had brought Stella to her home.

At their first meeting their recognition was swift and happy, and she had noticed that in Stella's shy delight in her house, her parlor and her treasures, there was a good deal more than the curiosity of a child. There had been something of the pleasure of a home-coming. The Abbe had noticed it, too.

"She felt in her right setting," he had said to Mrs. Lorraine later.

Their meetings had become more and more frequent, and two years later Stella had had her first real parting with Father and Mother Sprigg. She still spent the week-ends at Weekabourough, but from Monday morning until Friday evening she lived with Mrs. Lorraine.

It had been Stella's own doing. "Stella, I wish you need not go home," Mrs. Lorraine had cried out one day, after the Abbe had brought her to tea and they were taking their leave. It had been a real cry of distress, for the evening stretched before her empty and lonely, and the rare company of the little girl had become very precious to her.

Stella, tying her bonnet strings, had considered this. There was in Mrs. Lorraine and her little house a quality of fastidious beauty that satisfied something in Stella that had not yet been satisfied, and there was no doubt in her mind that Mrs. Lorraine needed her.

"Would you like me to live with you, Ma'am?" she had asked.

"Yes, Stella."

"Well, I could not live with you always because of Mother Sprigg, but I could live half the time with you and half with Mother Sprigg."

"We'll think about it," the Abbe had intervened, and no more had been said that night.

Mrs. Lorraine had talked it over with the Abbe, and the doctor with great courage had approached Father and Mother Sprigg.

"My Stella a little maid-servant?" It surprises me, doctor, that you could even think of such a thing."

Father Sprigg had expressed himself much more forcibly and had taken much longer over it.

Please turn to page 37

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EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
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THE doctor, when he could make himself heard, had explained that though she would be paid a little for her services, Stella would be with Mrs. Loraine in the capacity not of maidservant, but adopted granddaughter. Her duties would be light, dusting, washing china, and arranging flowers. And Mrs. Loraine would teach her accomplishments that could not be learned at Weekborough.

The thought of his Stella chattering French and playing the spinet like a lady entirely won Father Sprigg. He was too large-hearted, and perhaps too unimaginative, to resent, as did Mother Sprigg, benefits to Stella that would tend to separate her from them. And Mother Sprigg finally yielded, too.

Zachary, lying in his hammock with his eyes shut and his hands behind his head, could hear the crackle of the fire, see the play of the light upon the brass pans and Stella's dark head bent appreciatively over a plate of rabbit pie. He could actually smell the pie, and wrinkled his nose appreciatively.

Zachary opened his eyes and looked with amusement at the vast mound of bones and rags and ill temper heaped untidily in the next hammock.

This was Mr. Midshipman Michael Burke who had now filled the place in his life left empty by Cobb. Zachary had not the love for him that he would always have for the never-to-be-forgotten Cobb, but he had filled the aching vacuum.

Mike was born to trouble. Even his virtues did not seem to do him any good. His courage, linked to a flaming temper and great insolence, only led to brawls and disturbances of every kind, and his sense of jus-

tice did not permit him to accept the brutal punishments of the age in a manner calculated to soothe the ruffled feelings or authority.

So totally at variance were their interests that sometimes the two friends marvelled at their friendship. But they were both aristocrats. They had the same code.

"I was smiling at the smell of rabbit pie," said Zachary.

"What a fool you are," growled Mike.

"We're on the Thames, Mike," murmured Zachary. "London tomorrow. Giptian Hill next week."

A snore was the only answer. Mike was asleep and Zachary was free once more to indulge in the heavenly revelry of his unleashed dreams.

Zachary wished it was not necessary to spend three days with Mike in London first. Mike, in duty bound, had to pay a visit to his detested guardian at Weymouth, and he was considering Zachary's suggestion that he should later visit Gentian Hill.

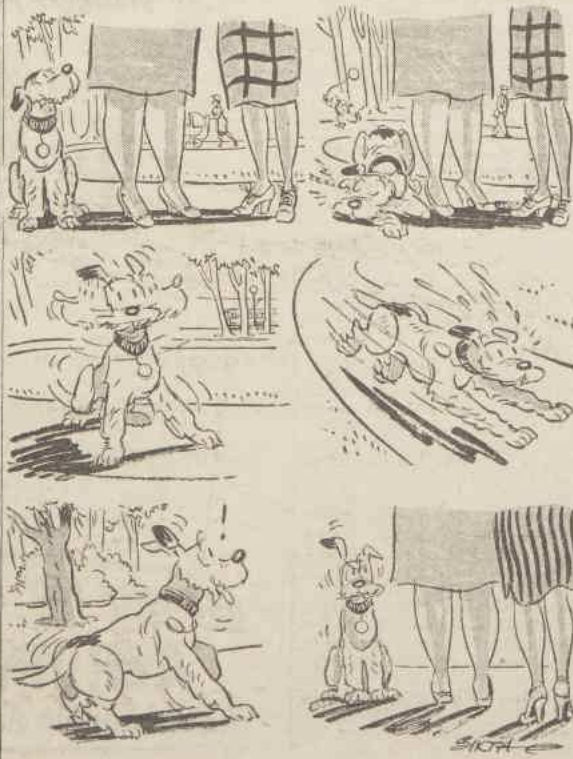
But he had vowed that he would do neither of these things unless he could have his fling in town first, and Zachary knew that he must keep his eye on him while he did it.

They did not know at Gentian Hill that he was at the moment between the shores of England and he smiled, picturing the joy of his unheralded return. Then his mind slipped back over the years that had passed since Trafalgar, the hardship, weariness and boredom, the storms and fevers, the sense of hopelessness and desperation as month after month went by and still they were not sent home.

Yet those grim months had been his best at sea so far because for the first time there had come to him the sense of belonging where he was. He had found out how to live this life of the sea, and his adjustments had made for him a sort of groove into which he now fitted, feeling that the sea was no longer his enemy but his friend.

Please turn to page 38

RIVETS

A stylized graphic for Mazda Lamps. The word "MAZDA" is written in large, bold, block letters with a 3D effect. Below it, the word "LAMPS" is written in a similar bold, blocky font. A single Mazda lamp is depicted, with its glass bulb and base. The lamp is positioned diagonally, with the base at the bottom left and the bulb extending towards the top right. The word "TRIC" is partially visible on the left side, likely part of "ELECTRIC". The entire graphic is set against a plain background.

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THE FOOD THAT "BUILDS" THE "BODY"

THE next two days passed harmlessly, though for Zachary, with too much noise and a great deal of exasperation. Mike's idea of pleasure was not his, and he was wildly impatient to be quit of this bedlam of London and to be on the coach again, homeward bound for Devonshire.

Zachary hated London by night more than by day. He was thankful, when on Saturday night Mike dragged him out for a last evening's revelry, that it was the last. Tomorrow would be Sunday, and on Monday he'd be on his way home.

Yet from the start of the evening's entertainment he was uneasy. For a beginning, Mike insisted upon putting Zachary's bull-roarer in his pocket.

"Let that thing alone!" Zachary implored him irritably. "Put it back where you found it, Mike. It's unlucky. It's mine, isn't it? Put it back, I tell you."

But Mike was not in an obliging mood and merely thundered down the stairs and out into the street with the bull-roarer still in his pocket. Zachary followed in a bad temper, and they walked in silence to the eating house of Mike's choice. Devouring beefsteak and onions washed down by porter, and assailed already by the pangs of indigestion, home suddenly seemed to Zachary very far away.

With his mouth full, Mike demanded: "What's the matter with you?"

Zachary pulled himself together. He was here to keep Mike's flaming temper and abusive tongue from getting him into trouble, and up till now he had been successful. It would be too utterly idiotic if his vigilance was to desert him on the last night of all.

The door swung open to admit half a dozen noisy young revellers, officers on leave like themselves. They looked round for a moment, saw two of their kind devouring most succulent steak and bore down upon them with whoops of joy.

Up till the early hours of the morning the night was gloriously rowdy and quite harmless. Between them they had plenty of money, and the amusements of the town were many. In between the visits to Leicester Fields, Haymarket, and Vauxhall Gardens they wrenched a few handles off respectable front doors, yowled like cats, and played leap-frog over the stone posts along the pavements.

It was this last amusement that led to trouble. Leap-frogging was the prerogative of the street urchins, not of the gentry, and a row of posts stood conveniently not far from an alley leading to one of the dark shanty pits that so haunted Zachary. He saw the posts, he noticed the alley, and knew misgiving even before he saw the flying figure of Mike leading his battalion into action.

Some sort of underground message must have conveyed itself from the posts to the slum beyond the alley, for in five minutes a band of young roughs had come surging up out of the darkness and the fight was on.

Battles between privileged youth and the underdogs were of common occurrence in the London streets and attracted little notice, and this one would have fought itself out to nothing worse than bleeding noses and blackened eyes had not Mike suddenly bethought himself of the bull-roarer. He produced the treasure from his pocket, twisted the string round his finger and swung it.

Nothing came for a moment, then the soft whirring, then the roaring rushing wind, louder and louder, rising gloriously above the noises of the battle. The effect upon the enemy was immediate, but not quite what Mike had intended. They were not country boys and none of them had seen or heard a bull-roarer before.

Gentian Hill

Continued from page 37

They saw the small brown thing whirling at the end of its string, such an instrument of glorious noise as they had never beheld before, and they coveted with a desire that could not be denied. Casting their other opponents from them as one boy they set upon Mike.

The onslaught was too much even for Mike. He slipped and fell, and a tall ragged scarecrow of a boy leaped upon him and dragged the bull-roarer out of his hand. Just as he turned, the light of a flambeau fell full upon his face, wild and dark, lean with hunger and taut with misery, the dark eyes blazing with fury.

Something about his face stabbed Zachary with a sudden memory; it was himself that he saw, himself as he had been on the night when he had climbed up to the stable window at Weckaborough. And not only himself. In that face he saw all the wretched homeless vagabonds who had ever lived, who ever would live, all those who never had and never would be given the ghost of a chance.

In a flash the boy was gone, racing off with the bull-roarer down the dark alley; and not only with the bull-roarer; he had Mike's purse, too.

In a moment Mike was on his feet again, tearing after him, winged with rage, with Zachary after Mike, keeping him in sight, trying to gain on him. He was dimly conscious, as he ran, of the horror of the dark alleys through which he was passing, of the fifth undertone in which he slipped and stumbled.

The end of it all came with surprising suddenness. They reached what seemed the end of an alley, blocked by a door in a wall, and the dark boy flung himself against the door. He had expected it to give way, but someone had apparently bolted it upon the other side. He leaped back and flung himself against it again, but uselessly.

There was no more he could do. He was half starved, and had not the strength of his pursuers, but he

turned with his back to the door and faced them, his fists ready. The bull-roarer and the purse he had stowed away in the pockets of his ragged breeches. His back was to the door and he would die before he gave them up of his own will.

"Let him alone, Mike!" yelled Zachary. "Let him alone!"

But Mike's particular demon of anger had got him and would not let him go. He looked back once over his shoulder and Zachary saw his face beneath the red hair scarlet with drink and rage. It was useless. He'd kill the other fellow if he could.

He leaped, but Zachary leaped quicker, and was between the two of them, the dark boy knocked backwards between his own body and the door.

Mike saw a dark, lean face confronting his own, was sent staggering by the blow of a fist on his jaw, and for a moment did not grasp the fact that it was Zachary he was fighting. When he did grasp it the realisation that it was Zachary who had robbed him of his quarry and given him that blow on the jaw added bitter hurt to a rage that had long ago passed beyond his control.

His blows came so thick and fast that Zachary was once more gripped by panic.

"Stop it, Mike!" he gasped. "Mike! It's me, Zachary. Mike!"

But it was no good. There was nothing he could do except fight for his life. His panic strided and he fought. The moon had risen clear above the alley and the light was not too bad. He was not Mike's equal as a fighter, but he was sober and Mike was not, and he had had the benefit of the miller's training. He was aware of a ring of spectators round himself and Mike, of yells of encouragement, of hoots and groans.

And then Mike was lying at his feet with his head in a pool of blood, untidily, his arms and legs flung just anyhow. Mike was dead, his eyes shut, his face greenish-grey in the moonlight. Mike was dead, and he had killed him.

To be concluded



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1 lb. butter;
1 cup sugar;
2 well-beaten egg yolks;
2 tablespoons cocoanut;
2 cups s.f. flour;
pinch salt;
1/4 tablespoons cocoa;
1 cup milk.

Topping.

2 egg whites;
1/2 cup sugar;
pinch salt;
almond essence;
1 cup cocoanut.

Cream the butter and sugar; add egg yolks and cocoanut. Sift flour, salt and cocoa and add to the mixture alternately with milk. For the topping, beat egg whites and add sugar, salt, almond essence and cocoanut. Spread topping on cake and cook in Lamington tin in a moderate oven for half an hour. The baked-on frosting saves time and "Aerophos" ensures moistness and tenderness.

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GEN 14 730

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 15, 1950

CHARLES drew his brows together. "Let me see," he said. "We went to a fish and chip shop, didn't we? And then we had a few beers and—"

"No, really, don't joke about it," she said. "Don't you remember? First we went to a little place in Soho for cocktails, and then you took me dancing at the Mayflower Room."

"Dancing?" he said. "You want to go dancing on Friday night? Just the two of us?"

"Why not?" Kate's cheeks were very pink. "Now, that's just what I mean about our being in a rut. Why shouldn't we go dancing? Lots of married people do."

"My arches aren't what they once were," he said. "Besides, I haven't been to a place like that for so long I wouldn't know how to behave any more. I'd probably shake hands with the headwaiter or something."

"Darling, please don't joke about it," she said. "This is important to me. You haven't taken me anywhere for so long." She raised her eyes, and the next words came in a little rush. "Oh, Charles, let's go out this one night and forget about the children and the house and all the years we've been married. Let's make believe that we've just met and we're starting out all over again! It would be so wonderful, so—"

Charles started to say something, and then he stopped and sighed. "All right, you win," he said. "It's a date."

She remembered the green dress the next afternoon when she was tidying a drawer. Her eyes suddenly lit up.

"Do you suppose, she thought, that I could possibly—?"

She ran to the wardrobe and burrowed through the clothes in the back until she found a cardboard box. The dress, carefully covered with tissue paper, was there, and when she examined it she discovered that it was hardly creased.

She gazed at it tenderly. The green dress, the dress she had bought for their first date with Charles, the dress she had worn that night. Charles had loved it.

Now that she looked at it, she was startled to find that it did not look so old-fashioned. The fashions had gone round in a cycle. If she lengthened it and altered the neckline—

She tried it on excitedly. It was

This is Our Night

Continued from page 9

much too tight; her figure had thickened through the years. But there was plenty of room in the seams to let it out. Yes, she would alter it and wear it; it would add the final and perfect touch to the evening and bring back the past as nothing else could do. And when Charles saw her in it—

Friday began badly. Ellie had a slight quiffle, and Kate sent her off to school only because it was a beautiful day. Then, towards mid-morning, clouds gathered, a chill wind blew up, and it began to rain. Kate worried all the morning, and when Ellie came home the mischief seemed worse.

As the day progressed, Emma arrived late for work and seemed to be sulking about something; the grocer got the orders mixed up; and David broke an antique bowl which Kate had always loved.

By the time she reached the hotel foyer that evening and waited for Charles beside a potted palm, it required a heroic effort of will for

anything that made Charles wild, it was to be kept waiting.

Charles arrived a few minutes later, having changed at the office, his briefcase under his arm. He bent over to kiss her cheek. "Hallo, dear," he said. "How were the chil—?" He stopped when he saw Kate's expression.

"Now, Charles," she said. "We were going to make believe—remember—that this was the first—"

"Oh, gosh," he said. "Do we have to go through with all that?" But he hesitated again, seeing Kate's face sagging a little, like that of a disappointed child. "All right. All right. What do we do first?"

"First the little place in Soho for cocktails," Kate said. Her eyes were eager again, and she had forgotten about Ellie's sniffe and the bowl. "Of course, it's probably under a different name by now, but I'm sure it must still be there."

"We're off," Charles said, offering her his arm with an elaborately gallant gesture. "But you'll have to refresh my memory from time to time. What interests me most is when I make my first pass at you. I can't recall what my schedule was at that time."

"You don't make any passes at all," Kate said as they walked towards the door. "You don't kiss me until we're saying good-night."

Charles looked astounded. "What a fool I was," he said.

He kept muttering all the way through the revolving doors, and Kate giggled. The evening was starting off beautifully.

As they walked up Regent Street, Kate said, "It was just about here that you bought me violets. An old lady was selling them right on this corner." She looked hopefully at Charles, but she saw that his face registered nothing at all. I wish, she thought, with some dejection, that he were a little more sentimental.

The little place in Soho had changed its name, but it was still there, tucked away among a dozen others just like it. It was a long, narrow room, very dark and crowded with people and tables. At one end a five-piece band, almost all brass, played out a frenzied chorus of "Sweet Sue" which was barely recognizable.

"Good heavens!" said Charles, startled. "It is supposed to be so dark in here, or did they blow a fuse?"

Kate giggled nervously, but she felt alien and lost as they were seated at a microscopic table in the centre of the room. For no reason at all, her mind darted back to Ellie's sniffe, and now the thought was like a nagging fly that she could not brush off.

"Charles," she said, "Ellie—"

She stopped. No, she would not talk about it; she would not mention anything about the children or home, although it would have relieved her to tell him about Ellie, the broken bowl, and all the things that had gone wrong to-day.

"Ellie?" Charles said, cupping an ear in her direction. The music seemed to be splitting their eardrums.

"Never mind!" Kate shouted. The waiter had made his way through the nest of tiny tables and was hovering over them.

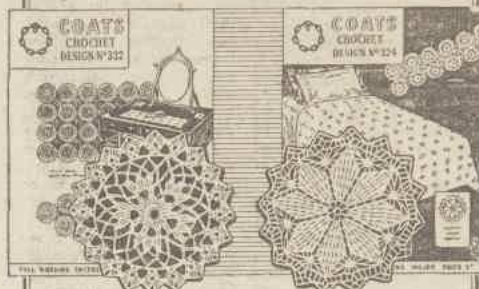
"I'll have a gin and ginger ale," Kate said loudly, smiling and nodding at Charles. "That's what I had that first night." She had an uneasy feeling that everything was not going the way it should. The place was the same, and yet—

"Silly drink," Charles muttered. "I'll have a Scotch." They both looked relieved after the waiter left and the music stopped. "Oh, gosh!" Charles said in the blessed silence that followed. "Those boys must get paid by the decibel."

Please turn to page 40

Crochet on the Instalment Plan

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WHAT did we talk about then? Kate thought. She tried to think back and came to the conclusion that they had spent the evening drawing themselves out, revealing to each other in little ways what they were like. But, of course, they couldn't do that now. They knew everything there was to know about each other. And if they couldn't talk about everyday things, it didn't leave very much.

Their drinks had arrived. "Isn't this fun?" Kate said, determined, whatever happened, to be bright and gay.

"Yes." With his hand Charles brushed some of the dense smoke away from his eyes. "Only, I feel as if I'm sitting in the middle of a forest fire."

He took a sip from his glass and looked around him. "Now, if I owned a place like this," he said, "I'd have each table enclosed in a little oxygen tent, with fresh, pure air pumped in constantly. It would be healthy and cosy at the same time."

"It would be awful," Kate said. "No atmosphere." She began to sip the gin. She was suddenly conscious of the fact that the dress was very tight and that the smoke had made breathing even more difficult. And Charles hadn't even noticed what she was wearing.

"Darling," she uttered. The music had begun again. "This dress I'm wearing—"

"Very nice," Charles said automatically. He always said this when she put on something new. "Very nice material."

"No, no," she said loudly. "It isn't new. It's the dress I wore— But more people had arrived and were pressing against them, and she stopped. It doesn't matter, she thought, he probably wouldn't remember, anyway. Her mind roved longingly to her black print hanging in the cupboard at home, which was as comfortable as an old dress-

ing-gown. She found herself wishing that she were not quite so sentimental.

The gin and ginger-ale was tasteless, and Kate began to get a frustrated feeling as nothing but cold moistness slipped down her throat. For a moment she considered asking the fat waiter for a Martini, but she rejected the idea hastily. It was too expensive, to begin with, and, besides, the waiter's face had a tight, controlled look, as if only by the greatest effort was he restraining himself from whipping out a stiletto and stabbing them all in the back.

Charles ordered another Scotch for himself and gazed at Kate inquiringly. She shook her head. "Heavens, no," she said brightly. "I haven't finished this!"

"You mean you haven't even started it," he said. "I doubt if you'll be under the table to-night at this rate, my girl."

Kate was relieved when he finished the second drink and suggested delicately that they leave. "My lungs are beginning to get clogged," he explained, "and - have a lot of breathing to do to-morrow."

He collected his hat and coat and they started up the steep stairs. They made slow progress, for they were fighting a downward tide of young people, all with fresh, eager faces. When they finally reached the street, Charles took a deep breath of air and staggered wildly. "Too rarefied," he said. "I'm liable to have a nose-bleed."

"Charles!" Kate looked around her nervously. "Everyone will think we're drunk."

"Let them," he said.

This is Our Night Continued from page 39

"For what it cost me in that place I could have quietly got the D.T.s at home."

The ladies' room at the Mayflower Room was crowded with tall, slender girls in black dresses with plunging necklines. Their vivid mouths were arranged in practised lines of bored sulkiness as they powdered their noses or combed their short, smooth hair. But Kate was not fooled. She knew that they were all feeling quite cheerful and having a very good time.

When she had gazed at her own reflection in the full-length mirror, her spirits dipped. The dress she was wearing encased her straight, rather plump figure in a way that made her look as if she had been compactly packed inside. I look, she thought gloomily, like a Vienna sausage.

But she had to admit, as she joined Charles and they were shown to a table, that the Mayflower Room was a decided improvement over the little place in Soho. The air was fresh, there was lots of room between them and the ceiling, and the music had a lush sweetness.

"Oh, Charles," Kate said, as she looked around her, "it's a lovely room, isn't it? And we haven't been here all these years!" For the first time that evening, some of the drama and romance of the occasion communicated itself to her and she leaned back in her chair. She remembered suddenly a little trick she had used in the past—a certain look, half-veiled and provocative.

She tried it now, gazing steadily at Charles.

"Are you all right?" he asked. Kate's expression reverted to normal. "Of course I'm all right," she said. "Why?"

He looked vague. "Oh, nothing," he said. "You looked as if you had a cold or something."

It doesn't work any more, Kate thought. A slight depression settled over her, but she had no time to analyse what had brought it on; a waiter was handing her a large menu.

"I'm going to have just what I had that night," she murmured, her eyes travelling over the lines and passing unconsciously at the prices. "Here it is—tomatoes stuffed with chicken salad."

As her gaze wandered downward, she let out a little cry. "And here's what you had, darling—Chicken Tetrazzini! Oh, have it again, Charles!"

He looked at her and smiled indulgently. "What a child you are," he said. "All right, it doesn't make much difference to me." He gave the waiter the order, and for a few minutes they watched the dancers drifting over the floor. There were not many.

KATE'S foot began to tap in foxtrot time and her eyes darted to Charles, who was staring determinedly ahead as if he knew what was in her mind. She gazed at him steadily and with such boring intensity that his head finally turned. He gave a little sigh. "Would you care to dance?" he said.

Kate had jumped up at the second word, and now they walked towards the floor. Charles was only an adequate dancer; he bounced a little too much, Kate thought, but it was pleasant to glide along the roomy floor to the rhythm of the silken music. I must ask them to play "These Foolish Things," Kate thought. That was their song, the tune which the orchestra had played over and over again that night.

Charles seemed relieved when the music ended and they walked back to their table. The waiter was hovering over them, ready to serve them.

After they were left to themselves again, Charles took a bite of his Chicken Tetrazzini and chewed thoughtfully. "Not only," he said, "is this the same dish they had on the menu fifteen years ago, but I think it's the same chicken."

Kate was very hungry, but she gazed hesitantly at the salad, trying to gauge how much of it she could eat before the dress gave way.

"Are you steeping yourself in the past?"

Kate started guiltily. "Not exactly," she said.

The dance music began again, and Kate gazed so pleadingly at Charles that he finally rose to his feet. "Did anyone ever tell you," he said, "that you looked like a corker spaniel?"

This time the floor was jammed. Their every move was balked, and people kept bumping into them, usually big-shouldered young men with ruddy complexions. "Pardon me, sir," they murmured politely. "Sorry, sir."

Please turn to page 41



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STOP PAIN FASTER

This is Our Night

Continued from page 40

CHARLES gazed at them sourly. "Why do they keep calling me 'sir'?" he asked Kate. "Are my arteries cracking or something?"

"Of course not," Kate said soothingly. "You know you're terribly young-looking, darling."

When they drew near the orchestra, Kate beckoned to the leader. He bent over, and she whispered something in his ear, her face shy. He frowned, hesitated, and then nodded as he straightened up.

"What were you whispering about?" Charles asked suspiciously.

Kate's face was smooth. "Nothing much," she said. "It's a surprise."

After they had shuffled around the floor a little longer, Charles stood still. "Let's sit down," he said. "My feet hurt."

"Oh, Charles!" Kate looked indignant. "That's what we came here for, to dance. If we just wanted to sit at a table we could do that at home."

His face brightened. "Well, why don't we do that? Go home and sit at a table?" But something in her face made him put his arm around her waist again. "All right," he said. "But if you hear something dragging on the floor, it's my arches."

They danced another three choruses, and Kate began to feel tired. There was something about this dancing that reminded her of an obstacle race. When the music stopped momentarily Charles looked at her with grim eyes. "This is all," he said flatly.

"Why, of course, darling," said Kate, relieved. "It was fun, wasn't it?"

They started to move off the floor, and, as they reached the outer circle at last, the orchestra began to play again. The tune was: "These Foolish Things," and the leader caught Kate's eyes, smiled, and made a little bow.

Kate turned to Charles with a stricken face. "Darling," she said, "we can't sit down now. He's playing this tune just for us. I asked him to."

"Why?" Charles said. "Why did you ask him?"

Kate's face crumpled a little. "Because it's our song," she said shakily.

Charles looked at her as the people pushed and jostled them going by. The grin faded slowly from his face. "Oh, of course," he said. "Of course, I remember, dear. Let's dance."

But she knew, as they started off again, that he was very tired, that he was making a great effort for her sake. And yet, how would it look if they left the floor now, after the orchestra leader had gone to the trouble of playing their song? But it was an endless dance; they played the melody again and again.

Once more, thought Kate grimly, and I'll have my arms twisted around his neck and he'll be dragging me across the floor. Or perhaps it would be the other way around.

Charles stood still. "I don't care if he sues us for breach of promise," he said. "I'm getting off this floor."

But the music had miraculously ceased, the long dance medley had ended at last.

They said very little as Charles paid the bill and they left the table. The evening had not really been a success. Despite the trappings and backgrounds from the past, they had remained themselves—a man whose feet hurt and a woman who worried about her child's running nose.

Ah, well, Kate thought, as Charles hailed a taxi, I shouldn't have expected it to be any different. Yet the feeling of sadness and depression still clung to her.

Kate did not stoop over quite far enough as she got into the vehicle and she bumped her head sharply. At the same moment there was the sound of tearing cloth from under-

neath her coat, and for the first time that evening the dress felt comfortable. As Kate leaned back in her seat she did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"Oh, Charles," she said, "I'm such a fool." She could not help thinking that if she had dispensed with the sentiment-to-night—if they could have been just themselves—they would probably have had a wonderful time.

"That's right," Charles said. His hand groped for hers and held it. "But it's too late for me to do anything about it now."

They rode in silence for a while and then Charles sighed. "Those boys alarmed me," he said. "All that bounce and energy. . . ." He shook his head in wonder.

Kate's giggle was followed by another silence.

"You probably won't believe this," Charles said slowly, "but I didn't envy them a bit."

"Nor did I," Kate admitted. "We're both in a rut." She smiled at Charles. "But it's a nice rut—as ruts go."

As soon as they had let themselves into the flat Kate darted to Ellie's room. It was faintly lit, but Kate could clearly see the little girl lying on her back with one hand curling against her cheek. Her mouth was closed and she was breathing evenly, sweetly.

SOFTLY Kate crept into David's room, covering him gently with a quilt he had kicked off, and then closed the door behind her. She was very content, and after she had stripped off the torn frock in her own room and changed into a loose housecoat and slippers she stretched out her arms in a gesture of utter felicity. It was so good to be home, to know that everything was a . . . right in her world.

She found Charles in the brightly lit kitchen, his coat off and his slippers rolled up. In his stocking feet, he was peering inside the larder.

"I had the same idea," sighed Kate. "I'm starving. That chicken salad probably filled me up fifteen years ago, but to-night it had the same effect as a canapé." She opened the door of the refrigerator, and the first thing she saw was a green cardboard box among the dishes of food.

"What in the world . . . ?" she murmured as she took it out slowly. Then she saw the little note on top in Emma's handwriting. These came just after you left.

"Why, it's flowers," Kate breathed, in wonderment. She looked up at Charles. His eyes did not meet hers. "I was wondering," he muttered, "what had happened to them."

Kate did not say anything; she could not. She slid the string from the small box and removed the top with reverent fingers. Nestled within the green tissue was a bunch of violets in a paper face frill. There was a little card beneath them, and she read: You're still my best girl.

"Oh, Charles!" Her voice was unsteady. She moved towards him. "Oh, Charles. . . ."

For a moment he held her close, and then he released her, clearing his throat loudly. "Ah, they came too late," he said gruffly.

"Not too late," Kate said, unable to take her shining eyes away from the violets. "Not too late, at all. They came just at the right time."

And she knew that it was true; that here was where she really wanted to receive the flowers from Charles—here among the familiar, homely things that were part of their life together.

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TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ Twelve O'clock High

THIS 20th Century-Fox production is one of the better war movies. It is a camera segment of the intensive air war during those bleak days when America had declared war and operated planes from England.

Starting in peacetime England, events are seen through the eyes of Dean Jagger, a retired adjutant, who witnessed the build-up of a self-styled hard-luck group of airmen into a compact striking force, and the eventual cracking up of its commander.

The stunt has been done before, but this effort ranks with the best.

Gregory Peck touches down with a fine rounded performance as Brigadier-General Frank Savage, the dominating commander who refuses to acknowledge the toughness of war and flies weary, nerve-racked men through fear, resentment, and fatigue to fulfil their missions.

Daylight precision bombing is the strategy planned at group H.Q., and sequences in which actual combat footage is included are high tension. I like to recall that British pilots also put up a magnificent record in the same field.

Although acting honours are marked for Gregory Peck, there are numerous top-flight performances among the large male cast.

Exceptionally good work is done by Dean Jagger, Millard Mitchell, Paul Stewart, Lee McGregor, Hugh Marlowe, Gary Merrill, and others. In Sydney—the Regent.

★★★ Monsieur Vincent

THIS well-made French film relates episodes in the life of Vincent de Paul, later canonised as St. Vincent.

A great social reformer of the 17th century, he recognised the need for charitable organisations in his bitter fight against poverty, hunger, and prejudice.

Brilliant French actor Pierre Fresnay gives a beautifully mellow reading of the title role, Monsieur Vincent. His self-effacing portrayal of the humble priest has natural simplicity, dignity, and fervor that holds attention throughout the long running time.

It won for him the award for best acting at the Venice Festival.

"Monsieur Vincent" is an earnest film in mood, measure, and universal pathos. It calls a spade a spade, shows all its characters, the great and the lowly alike, as real people.

Director Maurice Gleboe has treated the story of courage and endurance understandingly, although judicious cutting would be an all-round improvement.

In Sydney—the Savoy.

★ One Sunday Afternoon

WE are all familiar with the turn-of-century sentimental musical, complete with picture-postcard settings, brilliant technicolor, and vintage songs laced with modern compositions.

Here it is again, telling in flashback the story of Bill Grimes, who loves both the prettiest girl in town and his reputation through a slick friend; but eventually discovers that his personal clouds are indeed lined with silver, and that wealth does not necessarily mean happiness.

This is Warner's rehash of "Strawberry Blonde." It has Janis Paige as the blonde of the piece, with Dorothy Malone as her brunette opposite, and Dennis Morgan and Don DeFore as barber-shop tenors and rivals for the redhead.

All these performers are pleasant enough, and comedian Ben Blue works hard to inject some zip into the proceedings.

In Sydney—the Mayfair.

★ After Midnight

FILMGOERS who expect non-stop action from a relentless Alan Ladd will have to accept this one philosophically.

Although there are a couple of knifings and some shootings, "After Midnight" is too slow to build excitement, and Ladd spends more time swinging over verandahs and leaping walls than throwing punches.

As Carey, a Secret Service officer with Partisans in Italy, Ladd and his Underground sweetheart, Wanda Hendrix, are betrayed, and several other people are killed by the Germans, including, Carey believes, the lady.

When peace comes, Carey returns to the scene with a vague idea of hunting down the betrayer, and finds his girl alive and married to black-marketeer baron Francis Lederer. At this point he is really in the frame of mind to set about unravelling the mystery of whodunit.

Within the limits set by the story, Ladd gives a competent performance, and so does seldom-seen Francis Lederer.

In Sydney—the Prince Edward.

★ The Glass Mountain

THE objective of this Renown Pictures release is as vague as the mists that enshroud the peak of the Glass Mountain from which the title is taken.

The story is about a romantic legend of thwarted love, which captivates the imagination of a British airman who is rescued in the Dolomite mountain district during the war. He resolves to write an opera around the tragic theme.

In the magnificent snow country he comes to love his charming nurse, Alida. Neither his wife nor peacetime England can hold him afterwards, and he eventually returns to Italy and Alida.

With complications piling up all round, he completes his opera, and overcomes conflicting loyalties by a tearful return to his wife.

Husband-and-wife team Dalcie Gray and Michael Denison have no difficulty in turning in a convincing interpretation of that role on the screen, but Valentina Cortese's fresh charm and some nice music are the film's greatest attractions.

In Sydney—the Embassy.



MEMBERS of Hollywood's younger set Roddy McDowall and attractive, red-haired newcomer Amanda Blake are seen discussing notables at a Hollywood gathering. Amanda promises to become a favorite of filmgoers and is being carefully groomed by her studio.

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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Visit the capital of Flora, land of plant wonders, which is at war with the State of Mechana. They meet
DR. FLOREL: Beautiful woman

ruler of Flora, who wants Mandrake to marry her. While Narda is taken to admire the garden, Dr. Florel pins a scented flower on Mandrake's lapel. The flower makes him forget everything. He even forgets Narda, who returns to find him kissing Florel.



NOW READ ON:

"MANDRAKE--" CRIES NARDA. HE LOOKS INQUIRINGLY AT HER. "I CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER ANYTHING. DO I KNOW HER, DEAR?"-- "JUST A VISITOR. SWEET, PRETTY THING, ISN'T SHE?" REPLIES DOCTOR FLOREL.



"AND WHO IS THE BIG FELLOW?" HE SEEMS FAMILIAR. CONTINUES MANDRAKE-- "ANOTHER VISITOR, DEAR. COME, WE MUST ARRANGE FOR THE WEDDING," SAYS FLOREL. NARDA AND LOTHAR STARE AFTER THEM IN BEWILDERMENT. DR. FLOREL'S FLOWER OF FORGETFULNESS HAS DONE ITS WORK WELL!



NOT UNDERSTANDING, NARDA AND LOTHAR ARE PUZZLED AND ANGRY. "MANDRAKE, YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS WEDDING! YOU MUST KNOW ME-- I'M-- NARDA-- NARDA!"



ENRAGED, DR. FLOREL CALLS HER GUARDS WITH THEIR POISON-TIPPED SPEARS. "MANDRAKE OBVIOUSLY WANTS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU! MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS AND YOU'LL NOT BE HARMED," SAYS THE ANGRY RULER.



BUT LATER: "AFTER THE WEDDING, USE YOUR SPEARS ON THEM."



"EVEN IF HE'D GO WITH US, WE'D NEVER ESCAPE THROUGH THIS," SIGHS NARDA AT THE WALL OF POISON THORNS. "I HAVE PLAN," SAYS LOTHAR.



"MANDRAKE IS ILL-- OR BEWITCHED," NARDA SOBS. "WE MUST GO AWAY," SAYS LOTHAR. "TAKE HIM WITH US."

"YOUR FLOWER IS WILTED. HERE'S A FRESH ONE, DEAR," SAYS FLOREL, AVOIDING ITS SCENT, HERSELF.

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THE WEDDING PROCESSION OF MANDRAKE AND DR. FLOREL, RULER OF FLORA, IS SUDDENLY AND RUDELY INTERRUPTED BY LOTHAR!



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M.L.M.

"Odette, G.C." triumph for Anna Neagle

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

London is hailing Anna Neagle again. At 46, she has brought off the performance of her life. And that, remembering her richly varied career, is making no mean claim for her.

The film in which she has done this is "Odette," with Anna playing the title role of the famous Resistance heroine, Odette Churchill, George Cross.

IT is a role which must sound the death knell for glamor parts for Anna. Perhaps it marks the real beginning of yet another career for her—as a character actress.

After the searing realism of this latest role, she will find it hard to return to such romantic whimsies as "Spring in Park Lane" and "Maytime in Mayfair."

In "Odette," Anna took her professional courage in both hands. Except for the opening scenes, in which she is pictured as a normal housewife, Anna waved aside the make-up box.

She resisted the luxuries of an occasionally favorable close-up, refused to resort to any cinematic tricks to soften the impression the cinematographer will take away—of a woman a little past her best, of thickening ankles in woollen stockings, of a lined face, hollow dark eyes, of a tortured, haunted woman aged by suffering.

Sincere treatment

IN fact, the story of "Odette" has not been prettied up at all for the screen, but has been treated with every sincerity. It traces—from the fateful moment a housewife mails a holiday snap of the French coast to the War Office—the extraordinary adventures into which she is plunged when she is asked if she would like to undertake espionage work in Occupied France.

The film was made with the real Odette's advice and collaboration.

It was the modesty of this bright-eyed, courageous little woman which humbled Anna and made her realise—especially when they came to handle the Gestapo torture scenes—what a responsibility she had to see that the story was presented with truth and dignity.

The "Odette" premiere was attended by the King and Queen. Only one other film had previously been singled out for the honor of a Royal



ANNA NEAGLE in the role of Odette, Resistance heroine, before her capture by the Gestapo. The glamorous Anna of "Maytime in Mayfair" and "Spring in Park Lane" disappears in her latest film, in which she wears frumpy clothes and little make-up.

Premiere—apart from the annual Command Film Performance—and that film was "Hamlet."

This premiere was an ordeal, not only for the real Odette, who was the centre of all eyes, but also for Anna Neagle, on whom the strain of filming this part has told heavily.

A few weeks after the film was finished her doctors told her that if she didn't stop, drop everything and relax, she would have a nervous breakdown.

Anna Neagle is a sensitive woman, with the faculty for putting herself in another person's place. For the past six months her emotions have been keyed to the pitch of "being" Odette for the picture.

It is not too much to say that the effort of projecting herself into the experiences of the real Odette, of imagining exactly how she had to react to torture and starvation and the prospect of death, has, over a prolonged period of filming, left her almost as emotionally exhausted as it she had really lived it.

Nowadays Anna has three careers. She is actress, co-producer with her husband, Herbert Wilcox, on the films they make together, and an efficient housewife. She attends to a lot of her 500-letters-a-day fanmail herself, but it is with her business mail that she really shines.

"I have never heard anybody, man or woman, dictate such clear letters," her secretary says. "She never even stops to think. It just flows—even the most technical business."

Films are almost the whole of life to Anna and Herbert, who are inseparable. They have no hobbies and entertain rarely; when they do, it is to talk about films. Even when a film is "off the floor" and on its way through the cutting-rooms towards the screen, there is little time to relax.

Instead of getting up at 6.30, Anna then gets up at 7.30. By 8.30 she has eaten a cooked breakfast, made the beds, tidied her room, put on a simple wool dress, and is off to Elstree in a long, black Humber to vet scenes from the movie, and listen to the orchestra re-rehearse background music for the film. Business conferences and dealing with fanmail occupy the afternoon, with dress fittings and Press interviews sandwiched in between.

Busy partnership

ANNA NEAGLE is not a first-nighter. Theatregoing is part of the business of keeping up with what is being written, what might make good screen material, and what new talent is to be spotted and offered a chance in their films. She does not go to first nights, and prefers to sit unnoticed among an ordinary audience "because you get the public's true reaction that way."

"It's very important for us to know other people's feelings outside of the film world."

I would say it is their concentration on keeping in touch with the public that is the big secret in the success of the Anna Neagle-Herbert Wilcox screen partnership.

There is little letting up. Even after the theatre and a long trip home, Anna reads a chapter of a book before she switches off the bed-lamp. By this time it is after 1 a.m., and she has just taken a chunk out of the philosophy of Albert Schweitzer's "Out of My Life and Thought." It is seldom anything as light as an ordinary novel.

At week-ends, of course, they relax a little. She and Herbert take long walks into the country. And on these long walks, long talks.

About what? Why, about films.



ANNA NEAGLE and Trevor Howard, in costume as Odette Sanson and Peter Churchill (who afterwards married), leave a French railway station and make for their headquarters in a side street of Connes.



● ANN SOTHERN being readied for her next scene under the eagle eyes and clever hands of studio experts in costume and make-up in her own portable room.



● CORINNE CALVET (above) looks pensive as she leaves for the sound stage.



● VERA-ELLEN registers first-day-on-a-new-picture triumph in this welcome rest period spent in her attractive studio quarters.



● ANDREA KING and studio hairdresser intent upon achieving a glamorous style.



● VAN JOHNSON (below) plus mirror, and wearing a snappy line in sporting regalia.

Hollywood dressing-rooms



They all lived
happily ever after . . .



THE bed-time story is ended and soon the sleepy little fellow is tucked safely into bed. Then with a final "Goo'night, Mummy and Daddy", he'll close his eyes and go to sleep.

As you stand beside his cot do you ever wonder what the future holds for him? Do you hope he will achieve all the things you hoped to do, but somehow never did? Do you picture him making a greater success of his life than you have made of yours?

To turn such hopes into happy realities, much will depend on you, and how wisely you plan his life. It will depend also on whether you save the money necessary to give him a good start in life and to protect him from financial emergencies. Hundreds of thousands of wise parents throughout Australia are safeguarding the future of their children by making regular deposits to Commonwealth Savings Bank accounts.

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1 DISEMBARKING for retirement, Rear-Admiral Jonathan Scott (Gary Cooper) recalls struggle of few pioneers to prove importance of carrier-launched aircraft to warfare.



2 FLASHBACK to 1921 reveals a small group of enthusiastic young officers aboard converted collier, U.S.S. Langley, learning to land planes on its 65-foot deck. This is the first naval carrier.

Naval aviation saga . . .



3 POLITICAL PARTY in Washington brings disaster to outspoken Scott, who is given desk job. He again meets widowed Mary Morgan (Jane Wyatt).

TASK FORCE

WARNER'S film tells the story of naval aviation and the development of carrier air-warfare from 1921, with emphasis on vital part carrier-launched planes played in the Battle of the Pacific during World War II.

Over a year in the making, location work was done aboard the flat-tops themselves on specially executed manoeuvres in order to reproduce the battle episodes of the film. In addition, hitherto unreleased actual footage from the film files of the U.S. Navy were utilised to add authenticity.

Stars Gary Cooper, Wayne Morris, and Walter Brennan are supported by a featured cast, including Jane Wyatt, Bruce Bennett, John Ridgley, Jack Holt, and Julie London.



4 REINSTATED in 1929, Scott reports aboard U.S.S. Saratoga to friend Lieut. Rankin (John Ridgley).



5 IN HOSPITAL after crash during exercises in 1931, Scott is visited by Mary. They marry. He returns to Naval Academy as instructor and lieutenant-commander.



6 ENCOURAGING midshipmen to fly becomes Mary's job when superiors' disapproval dampens enthusiasm of Scott. He is in Pacific when Pearl Harbor is bombed, reveals inadequacy of fleet numbers.



7 ASSIGNED together to carrier duty with Admiral Pete Richard (Walter Brennan), Scott and Rankin help plan carrier-strike at Japanese near Midway. This is battle in which Yorktown is sunk.



8 PLEA TO SENATE for more carriers is made by Admiral Richard and Scott (now Captain) after Midway victory. This paves the way to the taking of Okinawa.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 15, 1950



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No. 382.—DUCHESS SET
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Set of tea-towels in Irish linen with blue or green borders. They measure 24in. x 32in. and are traced ready to embroider. Price 4/11 each, postage 4 1/2d. Set of three, 14/3, postage 1/3.

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383

384

385

of jacket 13/3, postage 1/6. Complete set 25/9, postage 1/6. Length 23in., 5-6yrs., price of skirt 15/6, price of jacket 15/6, postage 1/6. Complete set 29/11, postage 1/6.

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Ready To Wear Scanties: Sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 14/11. Postage, 1/-.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 10/3. Postage, 1/-.

Ready To Wear Bed Jacket: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 31/3. Postage, 1/3.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 22/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 24/9. Postage, 1/3.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks are sent by registered post.

"Trixie"

HOW TO WALK ON EASY FEET

● Foot care in general during the winter months is a headache to the conscientious person who takes a real interest in her looks.

COLD is the enemy of beauty—not the stimulating cold of high altitudes or the bracing cold of sunny midwinter that brings a glow to the cheeks, but insidious chill that begins in the feet and spreads up to the knees when circulation slows down.

It's the freeze that hits the majority of office workers about mid-morning when the opportunity for a couple of turns around the block is still several hours away.

Presuming you are interested in building up a good standard of health for your feet and as a result a more attractive appearance, a weekly pedicure is an imperative and easy part of your schedule.

It can be done at the same time as your manicure, share the same equipment, and, by-and-large, the same technique.

After the daily bath when feet are thoroughly dry, push back the cuticle around the nails with an orange-stick swathed in cottonwool and dipped in cuticle or olive oil.

Clipping nails with manicure scissors is better than filing them as you do your finger-nails. You will remember to clip nails straight across. A tapered toe-nail can become ingrown, deformed, and painful.

Toe-nails need not be longer than the end of the toe. Be sure you leave no rough, uneven edges to snag your nylons—a smooth finish is needed for both looks and comfort. This done, gently massage the entire foot and up over the ankle with hand cream or lotion, or lanoline.

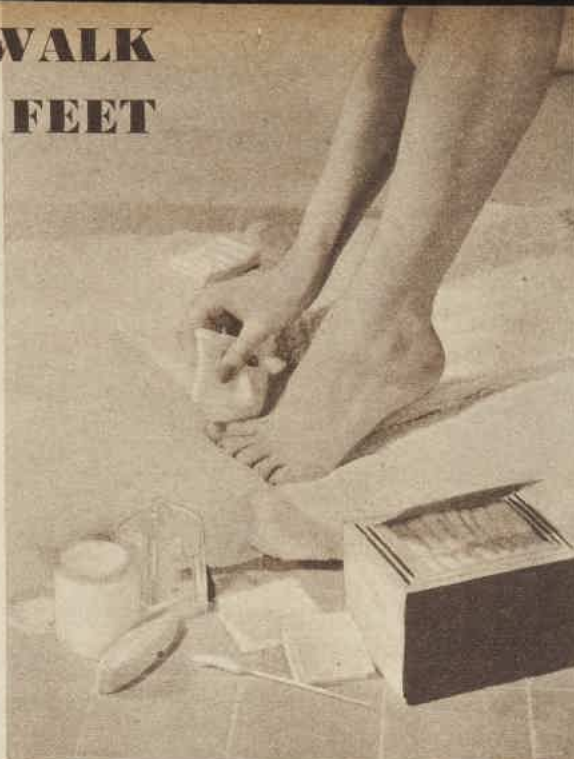
Soothing treatments for the feet include everything from ordinary relaxation to curing simple ailments like calluses, breaking unattractive walking habits, and strengthening weaknesses of muscles and arches with special exercises.

Most of us, at one time or another, have experienced the misery of chilblains in winter and realise that warmth applied externally and encouraged internally with stepped-up vitality is essential to keep them under control until warmer weather.

Once a chilblain blooms, it is important to keep the surface from rubbing. A layer of lint will do the trick, and there are lotions and ointments that ease discomfort and pain temporarily.

These are in no way the whole cure, though, for chilblains are often a symptom of poor general health.

Calcium shows good long-term re-



THE KEY to foot health is good muscle tone and circulation; the weekly pedicure keeps feet decorative. If you decide to highlight your toes with polish, use the color discreetly, and apply it with professional finish.

sults, and is usually compounded with Vitamin D in prescriptions to build up resistance.

A good iron tonic is another helpful treatment.

A few well-chosen exercises contribute to foot upkeep. Practise foot-work daily.

An easy one to do at odd moments is to stand as high on the toes as possible, with feet placed together, tense your muscles, then gradually lower the heels to the floor. It may be repeated many times in a row. Be a nature girl, if you are too

By **CAROLYN EARLE**
Our Beauty Expert

lazy to tackle routine exercise. Pattering about in your bare feet for a spell each day gives them a lift, but don't do it on cold linoleum.

● To make cold feet come alive with tingling warmth, there is a three-way treatment dedicated to comfort shown in the three sketches below.

First bathe in quite warm water, and take the opportunity to give each one a work-over with a well-soaped nailbrush. Excepting where there is a break in the skin, you have no need to be too gentle in this part of the drill.

After every hot bath pop the feet under the cold-water tap, turned on hard, and hold them so for a minute or two. This really wakes up circulation.

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with "NEVER SUCK"



A little "Never Suck" on the fingertips checks the nail-biting habit right away.

SAFE... HYGIENIC

Dress Sense

by Betty Keep



A TRIM SUIT with short-cut jacket, which is still good fashion.

SHORT, fitted jackets, full at the hip top, represent a new phase in spring suit fashions in the United States, and I suggest one for a reader.

Suit for spring

"AS I have a suit length of black-and-white check wool I am writing to see if you would oblige with a design for me to follow. Shortish jackets suit my type best—are they still worn? The outfit is for early spring."

Certainly have a short jacket for your check suit. Brief jackets are returning to prominence in spring fashions. They are generally worn with a narrow skirt. I have illustrated the design. The suit also shows the trend towards a slightly rounded hipline. Another new detail included in the design is the long rolling shawl collar.

Fleecy coats

"I WANT to make myself a winter sports coat, and as I don't want the obvious grey, brown, or blue I would like your idea for the color."

For winter, fleecy sports coats are made in nude, light camel color, pale pink, and yellow. Orange and lemon tones are coming up for spring.

For evening parties

"WOULD you please suggest a nice design for some taffeta-like dress material? The material is navy with a greyish woven spot. The frock is for evening parties, but I do not want a bare bodice top. My figure is thin and the shoulders are not so good."

I suggest an ankle-length dress

made with a slightly bloused bodice above a wide self-material stiffened belt and slim skirt. Have the bodice finished with a petal-shaped, ear-high collar and low oval décolletage. The bodice could have tiny sleeves or no sleeves at all. The latter is newer.

Wear a waistcoat

"PLEASE tell me if it would be correct to wear a waistcoat with a tailored suit?"

It would be not only correct, but very new and chic. Waistcoats in small-checked wool and in solid colored woollens (mostly yellow and scarlet) are worn with boxy and classic tailored jackets. The fashion will continue. As we reach spring, striped satin and white pique will replace wool.

For the boudoir

"RECENTLY I was given ten yards of what I think is silk georgette. I would like you to tell me if this would be a suitable material for a trousseau nightdress. I would also like advice on necklines and such details."

The material would make an ideal nightgown if it is the texture of chiffon, which is one of the most popular materials for boudoir robes. Use it double. New style points for nighties include cape effects and pleating. Deep plunging necklines vie with wide effects, and a scooped horseshoe shape cuffed with self material is the newest line of all.

Grey and orange

"I AM going to make myself a sports dress suitable to wear at week-ends and would like a suggestion from you about a color combination. The frock is for spring."

Grey with orange is one of the newest color combinations from the Paris spring dress collections. However, it depends on your own coloring whether or not orange is your shade. Personally, I think it is not an easy color to wear. An alternative and also new and chic is beige-wine (a rosy beige) with black accents.

Worn with navy

"FROM last season I have a navy suit I would like to utilise for next spring, and as I never find a white hat becoming I wondered if you would suggest a color, and also one for a blouse and other accessories."

Your navy suit should be worn with a navy hat of smooth woven straw trimmed with white or wheat, a blouse in white or wheat to match the hat trimming, and gloves to match the blouse. Shoes and handbag navy. An extra touch of color can be added in real or artificial flowers. Carnations are the flower of the season.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Mrs Ellen Tuck Astor

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At the first sign of a cold, sore throat or chest trouble, apply a pad of Wawn's Wonder Wool. It is the simplest and most effective way of creating "inner heat" and breaking that cold.

This harmless medicated cotton wool is easy to apply. Its comforting warmth quickly stimulates circulation and soothes away dangerous congestion.

There's no dosing, so children are "easy" patients with Wawn's Wonder Wool. Be sure you have a packet in the house this winter!

WAWN'S WONDER WOOL

for Chills, Colds, Bronchitis, Chest Troubles and Flu

7W2



HEINZ TOMATO SOUP

The "super" Tomato Soup... rich, creamy and satisfying for all the family.



HEINZ ONION SOUP

A creamy soup that "gives you a glow"... a grand old family favourite.



HEINZ ASPARAGUS SOUP

Enriched with fresh asparagus tips straight from the gardens to Heinz.



HEINZ PEA SOUP with HAM

Thick, rich, with that "extra" body and nourishment. A real man's soup.



HEINZ CELERY SOUP

Another creamy soup with full celery flavour and velvety-smooth texture.

*To rich... so thick...
so creamy to the taste*

What sounds of satisfaction go round the table when you serve Heinz Home-Style Soups! How those plates are polished off! And no wonder with such rich flavour and deep-down goodness to enjoy. Here is soup-making at its best... by Heinz it is! Try them all and pick your winners. All are economical... specially made to be prepared to your own taste with water or milk. Keep plenty in your pantry... serve your favourites often.

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Home-Style
SOUPS

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HEINZ VEGETABLE SOUP

Hot, hearty, satisfying nourishment from freshly-gathered vegetables *plus!*



By Our Food and
Cookery Experts

● Snacks and savories give an air of informality to any meal. They are ideal for afternoon or evening card-parties. They add piquancy to the ever popular buffet supper, and the smaller finger variety savories are excellent hors-d'oeuvre.

The service of savories should be simple. Never crowd or heap them; arrange them in their own particular groups on large salad platters with attractive garnishes.

FOUNDATIONS for simple savories may be croutets of bread, either fried or toasted, cheese pastry rounds, choux pastry puffs, thin crepes or pancakes, good shortcrust pastry.

Well-flavored butters are important in the making of savories; they should be well creamed with such flavorings as cheese, anchovy, parsley, chives.

SAVORY COCKTAIL CAKE

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 cup grated cheese, salt, cayenne, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, 4oz. shortening, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk.

Filling: Mixture 1—4oz. minced ham, mustard. Mixture 2— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 2 hard-boiled eggs, mayonnaise. Mixture 3—1 cup minced chicken or rabbit, 1 dessertspoon cream or top milk, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley.

Covering: 1lb. cream cheese.

Garnish: Tomato, stuffed olives, celery curls, radish roses, endive, cress or parsley, cucumber slices.

Cream shortening, add grated cheese and well-beaten egg. Sift flour, salt, mustard, cayenne, and add alternately with the milk. Place in a well-greased 8in. sandwich-tin and bake in upper half of a hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F.

electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to become quite cold. (The cake is best made the day before it is filled.) Slice into 4 and butter each slice—on the first spread minced ham and mustard; on the second spread chopped egg, cheese, and mayonnaise; on the third spread minced chicken, milk, and parsley. Press firmly together and turn upside down to give a flat surface. Beat cream cheese to spreading consistency with a little milk, spread over sides and top of cake. Garnish top with tomato slices and stuffed olives. Serve on large platter with garnish of radish roses, celery curls, cucumber slices, and endive or cress.

NASTURTIUM SAVORIES

Brown bread and butter, cucumber, whipped cream or substitute, grated cheese, salt and cayenne, nasturtium flowers.

Cut the bread into rounds and spread lightly with butter. Cover each with a slice of cucumber. Whip the cream, flavor with salt, cheese, and cayenne, and pile on the cucum-

ber or force through a rose tube. Top each with a nasturtium flower. Or pile the cheese and cream mixture on savory crackers (as illustrated), topping each with slice of stuffed olive. Use nasturtium flowers and leaves as garnish.

FRIED OYSTER BISCUITS

Four ounces plain flour, 2oz. margarine, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon cold water, squeeze lemon juice, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard, cayenne, oysters.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, cayenne, and mustard. Rub in margarine. Beat egg-yolk with water and lemon juice. Add to flour and mix to a rather dry dough. Turn on to floured board. Knead lightly, roll thinly, and stamp out with a 2in. cutter. Beard the oysters, dip in lemon juice, season with cayenne. Place one in the centre of each piece of pastry. Glaze the edges and fold in halves. Press edges firmly together and deep fry until a golden brown. Serve immediately with a parsley and lemon garnish.

Continued on page 54.

AN ATTRACTIVE platter of savories lends interest to any menu — the savory cocktail cake is a novel idea for a party, and nasturtium savories add color and interest.

A FIVE MINUTE CHOCOLATE CAKE!



Just five minutes to prepare this cake . . . made from Bournville Cocoa, the cocoa with the real chocolaty flavour. And remember that a little Bournville goes a longer way. For successful chocolate cooking always insist on Bournville Cocoa.

... with a real chocolaty flavour!

8 ozs. flour; Pinch salt; 4 ozs. butter or margarine; 1 oz. Bournville Cocoa; 1 or 2 eggs, according to size; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk; 5 ozs. castor sugar.

METHOD

Grease and flour a 6" cake tin. Sieve the flour into a basin with the salt and cocoa. Rub the butter or margarine into the flour with the tips of the fingers, stir in the sugar, make a well in the centre, and mix with the beaten egg and milk. If the eggs are small, two will be necessary, but slightly more or less milk can be used according to the size of the eggs. When all the ingredients are blended, put the mixture into the prepared tin, bake in a moderate oven of 360°F. for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. When cooked, cool on a cake tray or sieve. Weight of cake when cooked—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Sufficient to make 8-10 slices.

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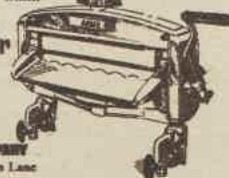


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A GOOD money-saver—an eggless fruit marmalade loaf which is rich in flavor and economical. Serve it spread with butter. Recipe wins consolation prize of £1.

A SMALL quantity of bacon can be made to go a long way when it is used with sausage-meat, as suggested in this week's main prize-winning recipe. Sausage-meat is usually well salted, so season carefully.



Sausage olives win £5

A TEMPTING and appetising way of preparing sausage-meat with bacon wins this week's main prize of £5.

A consolation prize is awarded to an inexpensive and delicious fruit marmalade loaf.

SAVORY BACON OLIVES

Six ounces bacon rashers, 4 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, 2 or 3 desiccated milk, 8oz. sausage-meat, pinch dried herbs, salt and pepper.

Remove rind from bacon rashers, cut in halves. Combine sausage-meat, breadcrumbs, and parsley, season with salt and pepper. Mix well, adding sufficient milk to moisten. Divide into five portions. Roll each in a strip of bacon. Thread rolls on skewers, place on baking-tray. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes until bacon fat is transparent and sausage-meat filling is cooked. Prepare small bacon rolls

from remaining bacon and cook in oven with "olives" for last 5 minutes of cooking time. Serve with creamed potato, peas, and tomato wedges.

First Prize of £5 to Miss E. Clarke, Exeter, West Tamar, Tasmania.

FRUIT MARMALADE LOAF

Two tablespoons margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, squeeze lemon juice, 2 tablespoons marmalade, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed fruit, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon juice. Add marmalade and mix well. Sift flour and baking powder, fold in alternately with milk in which soda has been dissolved. Fill into greased loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 40 to 45 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Serve with butter.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Kelaher, Gibbons St., Narrabri, N.S.W.

APPETISERS . . . Continued from page 53

SIMPLE SAVORIES

Stuffed Radish Roses: Prepare some radish roses in the usual way. Remove the white centres, leaving a thin base and the petals. Stuff each rose with a savory chicken or cheese spread.

Cornucopias: Take some thin slices of devon or garlic sausage. Shape into cornucopias and fasten with a toothpick. Combine some cottage cheese, chopped gherkins, salt, and cayenne and stuff each cornucopia with the mixture—garnish each with a sprinkling of paprika and a sprig of parsley. Chill until firm, remove toothpicks before serving.

Cream Cheese Walnuts: Join walnut halves together with softened cream cheese. Dip the edges in finely chopped parsley.

Fruit and Vegetable Crisps: Take small quantities of grated cheese and mould into fruit or vegetable shapes, e.g., apples, carrots, etc. Dust the surface with paprika and place a sprig of parsley on each for foliage. Spread rounds or fingers of fried bread with a meat paste and place a moulded cheese shape on each.

HAM AND ASPARAGUS BASKETS

Six ounces cheese pastry, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup medium white sauce, 2oz. chopped ham, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mustard, squeeze lemon juice, pinch cayenne, 6 asparagus spears.

Cheese Pastry: 6oz. plain flour, 3oz. margarine, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon water, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in margarine and add grated cheese. Mix egg-yolk with water and lemon juice. Add to flour, making a rather firm dough. Turn on to a floured board and roll thinly. Cut into rounds to fit small patty-tins and bake in a hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. From scraps of pastry make handles about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in height and bake on a separate tray. Chop the asparagus, keeping back some tips for garnishing. Add with mustard, ham, lemon juice, and cayenne to the white sauce. Place a small spoonful in each patty-case. Decorate with asparagus pieces and arrange a handle in each basket.



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"hasn't scratched yet!"



Tuesday, thanks to Mandana, there is no reason why any man or woman should not have a good night's sleep. Mandana's "Relaxing Mist for Breath" will lightness up the chest which makes going to bed at night a positive nightmare. Mandana's famous scientific prescription is guaranteed to ease your breathing, soothe you to a peaceful sleep, and free your throat of any kind of phlegm without harm. Stop your heart thumping against your ribs—or money back. Go to your chemist now, but insist on Mandana—the medicine that must give you relief or money back.

Ashtama can be quickly relieved, you see. Ashtama or bronchitis, yet contains no opiates or habit-forming drugs. It acts

Tuesday, thanks to Mandana, there is no reason why any man or woman should not have a good night's sleep. Mandana's "Relaxing Mist for Breath" will lightness up the chest which makes going to bed at night a positive nightmare. Mandana's famous scientific prescription is guaranteed to ease your breathing, soothe you to a peaceful sleep, and free your throat of any kind of phlegm without harm. Stop your heart thumping against your ribs—or money back. Go to your chemist now, but insist on Mandana—the medicine that must give you relief or money back.

Ashtama can be quickly relieved, you see. Ashtama or bronchitis, yet contains no opiates or habit-forming drugs. It acts

- (1) Loosens and releases thousands of tiny muscles in throat and bronchial tubes so that you can breathe freely and deeply, and thus get the benefits of health-restoring air and oxygen in your lungs.
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Millions of former sufferers from Asthma and Bronchitis are now enjoying sound, uninterrupted sleep all night and every night, because of Mendaco: they have found the one medicine which truly gets to the root

of their troubles and relieves the terrible suffering. Men and women who had at one time been strong and bright become weak and thin, compelled to choose their food carefully and could never enjoy life—say that, thanks to Mendoc, their paroxysms have stopped, and that they can now sleep soundly at night, while light thoughts and kind of hope and feel younger and stronger than they have for many years.

If you are one of the millions subject to such fits, cough and cold after cold, and running nose, and throat troubles, and asthma, Mendoc, because it cures breathing and gets air to your lungs, helps to attack the cause—a stiff respiratory system, and its arrangements in Mendoc strengthen and strengthen you against further trouble.

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Optrex



THESE pictures of modern interiors by the London Council of Industrial Design will interest home-makers. Easy chairs shown in living room (above) are smart as well as luxuriously comfortable.



DINING-ROOM (above) is simply but attractively furnished in natural, hand-polished wood. Chairs have curved backs for comfort, spoked for smartness. Wall lights are worthy of notice, and take the place of a central lighting fixture.

Punishment no cure for bad habits

By Sister Mary Jacob,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

ENVIRONMENT is a strong influence in habit formation, so that early training in good habits and a peaceful and well-ordered home life are the best preventives of bad habits.

Nervous habits usually develop in the first two years, and include thumb sucking, nail biting, fear complex (refusal to be left at bedtime), feeding difficulties, bad toilet behaviour, stuttering, to name a few.

Young mothers become very concerned, and usually pay too much attention to these faults, worrying the children as well as themselves.

Scolding, punishing, or thwarting a child focuses his attention on the habit, whereas he should be diverted from it. Nervous habits pass without special treatment if the child is given a happy home, companionship of children of his own age, and constructive toys.

A leaflet outlining treatment in these cases is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.



SECTION of
dining-room and
adjoining living-room
showing built-in cupboards
with shelf space and sliding
doors to lower shelves. Notice low
circular table and patterned wallpaper.



BACHELOR'S FLAT showing shelves and storage units of welded metal and glass. Trolley in foreground is in aluminium, has a detachable crockery-holder which can be placed in the sink for washing-up.

DAINTY Elizabeth of York, a semi-double cerise-pink rose, which is as beautiful when full-blown as in the bud. This is a most useful rose for massing, or it can be used in a mixed rose bed for accenting.



TALISMAN, coppery-red, a most variable rose as to color, is often borne in masses like this. The buds of this variety are long-pointed and often of a rich color, and can be used effectively for posties or building up vases of berries where autumn tints are required.



CLIMBING ROSES are grown on wooden supports and wire strands to cover sloping banks in the Sydney Botanic Gardens. The sprawling effect is beautiful.

Planting time for roses

MANY old-timers start to plant their roses about the end of May while the soil is still a trifle warm. Personally, I hold off this job until late in July, or even August, if I can get the bushes I want at that time of the year.

By then the plants are more or less dormant, and transplanting is not the risky job that confronts the man who lifts them in April or early May. Roses supplied by reputable, experienced nurserymen in July are invariably ripe and mature, and have been pruned or cut back ready for immediate transplanting to new quarters.

If you are still thinking in terms of roses and have not yet placed your order for them, do so at once, for nurserymen, like many others, have labor troubles, and the few roses they produce each season are snapped up early. Once the order has been placed and accepted, start to get your soil ready. This consists of digging a hole, rather larger than the spread of the roots, to the



AN EFFECTIVE BUSH ROSE for decorative displays in the garden is *Lady Sylvia*—palest pink with good, dark, shiny foliage. This rose is a sport from *Madame Butterfly*, which it resembles in all respects except color, which is superior.

proper depth. Then fill in the centre to a slight dome (convex from the centre to the sides).

Take your rose bush and spread the roots out and over this dome, and fill in with good quality soil—keeping the bush upright while doing so. Tread the soil in lightly but carefully, and leave a saucer-shaped depression all round to hold water. Then water well several times, and let the moisture drain away, and all should be well. If the bushes are tall and likely to wobble in the wind, stake up and

tie securely. Water regularly, and keep a watch on the wood for signs of withering or shrivelling.

Any wrinkling or withering of the wood of recently planted roses should be regarded seriously. This invariably means that they have died standing up or have very nearly done so. Such roses should be lifted at once and be stood in a bucket of water for 24 hours to plump up. The hole should then be examined, and if excessively dry the problem can be solved easily.—Our Home Gardener.

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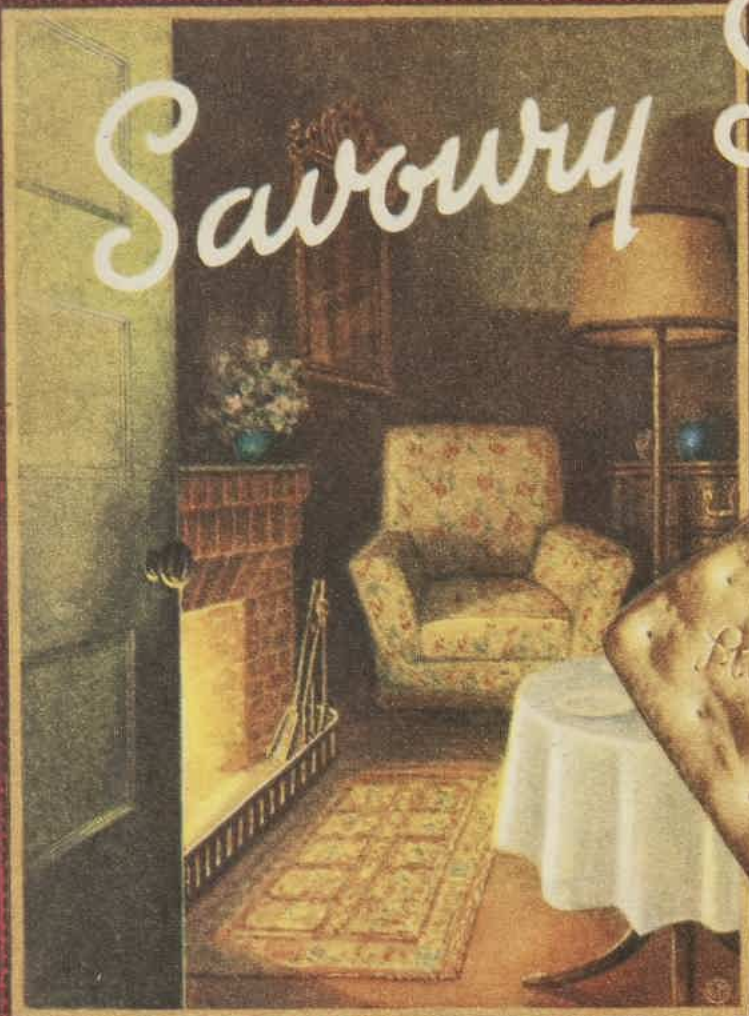
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